THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 25. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

AN IRISH CONGRESS,

To Assemble at the World's Fair, Proposed by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and Seconded by the United Irish Societies.

The President of the Latter Appoints a Committee to Aid in the Work—Great Irish Demonstration to be Held at Ogden Grove on August 15.

The annual convention of the United Irist societies of Chicago and Cook county was held at Fitzgerald's Hall, Halsted and Adams street, last Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Nearly three hundred delegates, representing eighty-nine societies, were present. The following officers were unaninously re-elected for the ensuing year:

President—John F. Finerty.

Vice-President—Daniel F. O'Connor.

Recording Secretary—T. F. McCarthy.

Corresponding Secretary—John Dowling.

Treasurer—William Gavin.

Mr. Finerty returned thanks for the honor paid him and his associates, and hoped that all concerned would do everything in their power to make the national demonstration of this year even a greater success than it was a year ago.

It was resolved that the annual demonstration be held at Ogden Grove on Tuesday, August 15, 1893, and the President was authorized to appoint an executive committee to take charge of the celebration.

Mr. Finerty announced that he would appoint the committee this week, and that the first meeting thereof would be held in the club room of McCoy's hotel on Saturday evening, July 1.

The minutes of the former convention were then read and approved. The report of the treasurer was presented and approved.

Mr. P. O'Sullivan, delegated by the State Council of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, then rose and was recognized by the chair.

Mr. O'Sullivan stated that the State officers of the Hibernians thought it would be both patriotic and practical to have not alone an Irish Day, but an Irish Congress, at the World's Fair. The prominent men of the Irish race should be invited to that congress, and asked to make addresses or present papers on subjects of interest to both Ireland and America. They saw other nationalities—notably the Germans—exhibiting a public spirit which was highly creditable to them, and he saw no good reason why the Irish should be behind in such honorable rivalry. (Applause.) He was sent to ask the hearty co-operation of the Irish societies in this matter. (Long continued applause.)

Mr. John F. Keating seconded most eloquently the speech of Mr. O'Sullivan, and said that the Irish, in supporting such a movement, would show themselves worthy of the land they lived in and the land they came from. Artist Millet at the World's Fair, and a certain editor who ought to have known better, said that the Irish had no flag of their own, but the Irish would show before all men that they had a flag which they honored and would yet make respected in the eyes of all the nations. Great applause.) The Green Flag of Ireland was no stranger in America—no stranger in American battles (applause)—and no citizens of this country more zealously, more fearlessly, defended the flag of the republic, when it needed defense, than the Irish-American citizens, who believed in Irish as well as American liberty. (Prolonged applause.) He hoped this matter would receive the enthusiastic support of the Irish-American United Societies. (Loud cheers.)

Col. Francis T. Colby then rose and moved that a committee be appointed by the chair to consult and take concert of action with the Ancient Order of Hibernians in carrying the programme into effect, which was carried.

Before appointing the committee, the President, Mr. Finerty, observed that the proposed Irish Day, or Congress, at the Fair should be so timed as not to interfere in any way with the regular Irish National demonstration on Aug. 15.

Mr. O'Sullivan concurred in the President's remarks, and said that the Hibernians intended to have the Congress assemble sometime in the middle of September.

This statement gave satisfaction to all the delegates.

The President then named the following committee to act with the Hibernians in the matter:

F. T. Colby, J. J. O'Connell, J. F. Keating, John Byrne, A. J. Ford, M. P. Brady, L. R. Buckley, W. H. Joyce, M. Mulcahy, H. K. Jordan, M. J. Kelly, John J. Mahony, Miles Kehoe, John Foley, James C. Strain, P. B. Flanagan, M. J. Keane.

On motion, the name of the President was added to the committee.

Col. Colby invited the members to attend the muster in of the Seventh Regiment Illinois National Guards (Hibernian Rifles), on Wednesday evening, which was accepted.

The convention then adjourned subject to call.

DEATH OF DR. THOMAS ANTISELL.

[*Washington Post, June 15.*]

Dr. Thomas Antisell, who for many years past has been one of the leading scientists who have made the national capital their home, died here yesterday morning at his residence, No. 1311 Q street. Dr. Antisell has been an invalid for three years yast, owing to a stroke of paralysis that compelled him to resign his place as chief chemical examiner of the patent office. Since that time the progress of the disease has been steady, though gradual. Death was not unexpected, and when it came the invalid was attended by his daughters, Miss Antisell and Mrs. Cruikshank. Dr. Antisell leaves a family of two sons and six daughters. William Mackey Cruikshank, one of five grandchildren graduated with honors from West Point only a few days ago.

The funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock from Dr. Antisell's late house. The interment will be made at the Congressional cemetery. The honorary pallbearers will be Dr. Lovejoy, Dr. J. M. Toner, Dr. Louis Mackall, and Mr. Richard Oulahan, with four members of the District Medical Association. The active pallbearers will be Major William Plunkett, Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, James I. Norris, W. H. Baldwin, Edward Farquhar, Assistant Surgeon General Greenleaf, Dr. A. A. Snyder, and Charles Lieberman.

Thomas Antisell was born in Dublin, Ireland, Jan. 16, 1817, the son of Christopher Antisell, Q.C., his ancestry going back to Sir Bertine Entwyssel, who accompanied Henry II to Ireland. He received his early education at Trinity College, Dublin, and began his studies of chemistry in the same town. Afterward he was graduated from the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and became the pupil and assistant of Sir Robert Kane until 1843, when he took up the study of chemistry in Paris, afterward studying also in Berlin under celebrated professors. He was subsequently appointed lecturer on chemistry in the Original School of Medicine in Dublin. He practiced medicine in Dublin till 1848, when he became a political exile on account of his connection with the Young Ireland party. He then came to America and practiced medicine in New York from 1848 to 1854. He also held the position of professor of chemistry in a number of American colleges, among them those at Woodstock, Vt., Pittsfield, Mass., and the Berkshire Medical Institute.

His taste for travel led him to accept the position of geologist with the Park expedition in the railroad survey of Southern California and Arizona in 1854. In 1856 he returned to Washington and held the position of chief examiner in the chemical department of the Patent Office. At the breaking out of the war he entered the volunteer service as a brigade surgeon. He was afterward medical director of the Twelfth Army Corps, finally receiving the rank of brevet lieutenant colonel for faithful and efficient service.

In 1871 he went to Japan as technologist in the government commission appointed to develop the resources of the northern islands of that empire. He served there six years, and it was during this time that he received an invitation to become the president of a university at Cairo, Egypt, an offer which he would have probably accepted but for his contract with the Japanese government. He was decorated by the emperor of Japan with the "Order of the Rising Sun of Meijii," making him a nobleman of Japan, with the right to carry two swords. From the time of his return to America he has lived in Washington. During the whole of his life he has been a technical instructor, the most of the time in the realm of chemistry.

He was a member of a number of scientific societies and was at all times in request as a lecturer before scientific institutions. He was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England; the Royal Dublin Society, the Geological Society of Dublin, and the Medical Association of the District of Columbia. He was the only man who was ever accorded the distinction of election as an honorary member of this institution. He was also a member of the Philosophical Society of Washington, a corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, and of the Geological Society of New York, and a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

He had been connected with the Georgetown University for thirty years, and received from that institution the degree of doctor of philosophy. He had been a contributor to scientific literature since his student days, and his works cover a wide range of technical subjects, one of the best known being his "Home Encyclopedia of Arts and Manufacture." His works are regarded as standard.

Gaelic Games.

The O'Brien and Liberator clubs of the Gaelic Athletic Association will have a foot-ball game at Gaelic grounds, Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, on Sunday, June 25, beginning at 2:30 o'clock sharp. There will also be a hurling match between the Davitts and Innisfails. This will be the great hurling match of the season.

Dandruff forms when the glands of the skin are weakened, and, if neglected, baldness is sure to follow. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best preventive.

SEXTON SHOWS SPUNK.

He Plainly Tells Gladstone and His Associates of the British Cabinet That the Irish Party Must be Consulted Before Tory Amendments Are Accepted.

A Manly and Vigorous Statement of Ireland's National and Natural Rights.

Mr. Sexton—The right honorable gentleman, the member from West Birmingham, has taunted us with consistent silence. For certain reasons we desire to be silent unless when it is necessary to speak. (Hear, here.) We are aware of the unconstitutional nature of the enterrprise in which the member from West Birmingham and his confederates are engaged in reference to this bill. (Cheers.) They have avowed that their obiect is to destroy the bill. (Tory cheers.) That avowal is cheered. They endeavor to destroy the bill under the hypocritical cover of moving amendments to improve it. (Irish cheers.) They are not ashamed to declare that their object is, under cover of the forms of parliament devised for the progress of business, to defeat the solemn judgment of the electors of this kingdom (Ministerial and Nationalist cheers), and to reduce this house itself to helplessness, impotence and contempt. (Hear, hear.) Sir, for this reason we do not speak upon the bill, because we do not desire to abet a revolutionary party (opposition laughter), which is acting upon parliamentary practices. (Renewed laughter.)

Certainly the Unionist party, so far as my reading goes, is the first party in the parliamentary history of England which endeavors to use the forms of parliament for revolutionary purposes (cheers, and opposition counter cheers), and it is in the most unmistakable sense a revolutionary purpose to use the forms of this house for the purpose of preventing the house from carrying out the will of the electors of the country. (Cheers.) These are our reasons for economizing speeches. We do not desire to abet unconstitutional obstruction. I must say for myself that our consistent silence does not appear to give us any advantage in regard to facility for speech when we desire to speak. I rose three times last night on the police amendment, and should have thought that when an amendment of that importance was being considered a member rising to speak on behalf of the representatives of Ireland would have been heard before the government delivered a reply in which they bound themselves by pledges. (Nationalist cheers.) I was not allowed to intervene in the debate, and the police amendment was agreed to without any Irish member being heard. To-day I have risen twice on the amendment, and I had to sit down, and I did think that an Irish member speaking on behalf of the country concerned in the bill would have been heard before the minister replied. (Nationalist cheers.) I rose again after the minister, and I was not called upon, and I venture to submit to the committee that it is inconvenient, and perhaps useless, for me now to speak after the case for the amendment has been heard and after the reply of the minister has been delivered, a reply which I take to be in the nature of a pledge. I ask the committee and all reasonable men whether it is a convenient or useful method of debate to allow the representatives of Ireland to intervene only after the debate has been brought to a conclusion. Although, perhaps it is rather late, it may not be quite useless for me to say that in my judgment this is one of the numerous amendments designed to destroy the bill. (Nationalist cheers.) I should not have thought, Mr. Mellor, that after the committee had determined in clause 2 the general groundwork of the Irish legislature, and to give it the power to make laws for the peace, order and good government of Ireland, and thereby vesting the government of Ireland under this scheme with responsibility for the peace, order and good government of Ireland, that it would have been proposed to withdraw from the government so responsible all power with regard to legislation with respect to the carrying of arms. I leave out of view altogether the carrying of arms for necessary purposes, for instance, the carrying of arms by farmers. The amendment proposes to take away the power of dealing with armed associations or associations for drill or practice in the use of arms, and yet the Irish government will be responsible for the peace, order and good government of Ireland; and now, under the clause by which you propose to deliver to them that power, you are considering an amendment by which that parliament and government will have no power to deal with the carrying of arms. (Irish cheers.)

Surely, power to deal with the carrying of arms is a primary power, and necessarily a primary and fundamental power, with regard to the conservation of the peace, order and good government of the country. I say the amendment is incompatible with the main and fundamental principle of the bill, and no rational person would let us accept responsibility for the peace, order or good government of Ireland, and yet have no control over the carrying of arms in Ulster or elsewhere. (Nationalist cheers.) This amendment has a sinister aspect. This amendment is the complement of the cowardly Ulster plan of campaign. (Cheers.) The leaders of the Unionist party busied themselves, and are busying themselves at this present moment, in inciting the population of Ulster to disaffection and armed revolt (cheers) in the event of the passage of this bill. The late prime minister, before he went to Ulster, spoke of beating down the police, and since he went to Ulster he has witnessed military marches. Every day, in Unionist speeches and in the Unionist press, we have boastings of the fact that the Orange and Unionist clubs in Ulster are armed and are engaged in arming themselves. (Unionist cheers.) These are the only bodies, so far as I know, in Ireland which answer to the description of armed associations contained in the amendment.

Armed associations and associations for drill or practice in the use of arms are only to be found in the pet province of the party above the gangway, in the province which would be peaceful enough if let alone (Nationalist cheers); a province which, if let alone, would be willing enough to throw in its lot with the rest of Ireland, but which, by the interested and reckless incitements of active politicians, has been driven into a state of disaffection against the law. (Cries of "No, no," and "What law?") In regard to the spirit of loyalty to the constitution, the question is just the same whether the incitement to resist the law which now exists, or one which parliament is engaged in passing. (Cheers.) In Ulster there are armed associations; in Ulster there are associations for drill or practice in the use of arms, and the leaders of the Unionist party go to Ulster to make speeches there inciting men to arms, and stating, in no cryptic language, that these associations and arms are to be employed for revolt against the laws of the Queen of Ireland.

The followers of the Unionist party here complete the plan of campaign, and rise in the house and propose amendments by which, when the bill is passed and the government of Ireland comes into existence, there shall be no power in the hands of the government of Ireland to deal with the armed associations. (Nationalist cheers.) The plan is half bluster and half cowardice—bluster in public places in Ulster, and cowardice in the house of commons. (Loud cheers.) I shall only express the hope, which I think is not a too sanguine one, that perhaps at least the government and the friends of this bill in the house of commons and outside it, that whether or not members of the Unionist party, from the ex-prime minister down, are within their right in inciting the population of Ulster to armed revolt, that at any rate it is not too sanguine to hope and to expect that a majority of this house will not be found to give any countenance to any amendment which, when the government of Ireland comes into existence, and when these armed associations endeavor to revolt, shall render that government impotent to reduce them to submission. (Irish and Misisterial cheers.)

GLADSTONE TO BE UNVEILED.

The public ceremony attending the unveiling of the Irish sculptor Joy's statue of Gladstone at Mrs. Ernest Hart's Irish Village, Midway Plaisance, on Sunday afternoon, promises to have features of prominent interest. The original marble statue stands in front of Bow Church, London, and is nine feet high, standing on a granite pedestal of twelve feet. It is the finest work of Mr. Bruce Joy, and when the statue was unveiled in London Lord Carlingford, in his address, said, "I congratulate the donor and the artist, and I trust that your children's children will come to this spot to look upon this statue, and to see it, and they will see truly what manner of man this Gladstone was." Mr. Gladstone's son, William, wrote, "I am glad to testify to the extraordinary success of the likeness, than which it is very unlikely that any better will ever be produced. It is a fine and faithful work. My mother feels it impossible to speak of your work in terms too high." The public unveiling will be presided over by Mayor Harrison, at 4 o'clock, on Sunday. Judge Moran will deliver an oration, which is sure to be worthy of the occasion, and of this presentment before the American public, of a man whose name is a household word to all. The ceremony will be performed by Mrs. Ernest Hart, the foundress of the village and its work for the industrial development of Ireland.

MUSTERED IN.

Hiberuian Rifles Become the Seventh Regiment, I.N.G.

Adjutant-Gen. Orendorff mustered in 425 members of the old Hibernian Rifles as the Seventh Regiment, Illinois National Guard, on Wednesday night. Francis T. Colby was elected colonel. Company officers:

A—Captain, J. H. Lynch; first lieutenant, L. J. Moran; second, J. E. Kennedy.

B—Captain, Garrett J. Carroll; first lieutenant, Michael Punch; second, Dennis O'Neill.

C—Captain, M. B. Sullivan; first lieutenant, Bernard McKenna; second, Jay Sheehan.

D—Captain, J. O'Hern; first lieutenant, Edmund P. Burke; second, James C. Condon.

E—Captain, Daniel Moriarity; first lieutenant, J. T. O'Brien; second, John Gill.

F—Captain, James Coonley; first lieutenant, Patrick Glennon; second, John W. Donnelly.

G—Captain, P. M. Boggans; first lieutenant, Thomas Garry; second, John D. Barrett.

H—Captain, W. J. Carroll; first lieutenant, T. P. O'Donovan; second, James L. O'Malley.

PRACTICAL POETS..

A New View Taken of the Men and Women Who Have the Gift of Making Verses.

Miss Kirk Has No Faith in the Woes Said to be Inflicted on Humanity by Heredity.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 19.—Helen Wilmans says that the poets are the only practical people, and while at first glance this statement seemed a little startling, I soon found that I agreed with her perfectly. There are poets and poets—poets who write poetry, and poets who never made a couplet even. We have been in the habit of calling them dreamers, and attaching small value to their opinions on what we were pleased to call the real things of life. This was because we have constantly and ignorantly underestimated the power and beauty of the imagination. The best definition of imagination that has ever been given is as follows: "Inagination is a man's intuitive perception of his own possibilities." The poet possesses imagination, and recognizes right here and now the ideal manhood or womanhood. The poet possesses imagination, and recognizes the ideal manhood, but lives it.

"What are the real things of life?"

They are the highest and best things. The unseen and sustaining things, because, though the so-called practical folks inveigh against their fellow-travelers who acknowledge that they walk more by faith than by sight, they are compelled to admit when pushed to the fence, that the unseen has really more influence over their lives than the seen. The very breath we draw, and which we accept as a matter of course, is a matter of course, is entirely beyond human analysis. Our very bones and marrows are built from a principle that neither scientist nor philosopher can explain, and the man with the most intelligence is just as powerless to prove the origin and development of that intelligence as the man less endowed, or more properly speaking, the man of lesser development. The fact is, we live by faith, the doubter and the pessimist, as well as the poet and dreamer. We breathe the breath that we cannot explain, and every step we take is taken by faith.

The foregoing remarks grew out of this pregnant communication:

"What shall I do to be practical? My step-mother scolds me because I sing when I wash dishes. She says a girl is a fool who is happy when she is drudging, and that I could get along a great deal faster with what God has given me to do if I would keep my mouth shut, and not look out of the window into the orchard. The fact is, dear madam, I *know* that I shall not be called upon to wash dishes and scrub floors all my life, and more than this, I do not believe that a good God could possibly want me to work in my present treadmill. Therefore I shall trust Him and help myself by getting out of it just a speedily as I can. *And I will sing if they nail me to a cross.*"

What do you think of this extract, and how do these italicised words strike you?

I wish that I might be able to see the development of this heroic character. You may call her a dreamer. I call her the right sort, and because she has both desire and expectation she will just as surely get what she asks for, what she demands, and what is her very own, as the sun will rise tomorrow morning. Remember that while desire alone is a good deal better than indecision and passivity, it will fail of accomplishment unless joined to expectation. This combination never fails.

A gentleman writes that the Briggs trial seems to him an insult to human intelligence, and the words "progressive sanctification" make him sick.

They would to me, if I allowed myself to think about them, so let's skip the whole subject.

Another friend inquires if I "take stock in the old adage that a patient waiter is no loser."

In my case a hustling waiter is no loser. The man or the woman who brings me my coffee or my bouillon quickly and hot, receives a more satisfactory fee than the other kind of a waiter. But possibly this may not be exactly what our correspondent means. Joking aside, the patient waiter is no loser if he is absolutely obliged to wait, but he is the biggest kind of a loser as well as a big fool if he waits when he isn't obliged to.

"Get up and get" is the order of the day, and the man who doesn't obey will find himself in the rear rank if he is so lucky as to escape being run over.

To those who have asked me about fashion magazines, I would say that it is very hard to select the best when there are so many excellent ones. The *American Queen*, published in Bridgeport and New York, is one of the very best. In this admirable periodical fashions are announced three months in advance, and a pattern of some new and stplish garment is given with every issue.

This is the best yet:

"DEAR MRS. KIRK—Your little ten cent booklet, "The Woman's Way to Health and Beauty, has done more good in our family than all the doctors and all the medicine we have ever had. 'We are seven,' and three out of the number have been more ar less ill for some time. Over-study, stooping habits, and hereditary tendency to lung disease, are the causes. I just write this to thank you in the name of the whole family. I. B. R.

Salem, Mass."

I will risk hereditary tendency every time, in cases where there is good common sense, and where folks do not waste time thinking about their consumptive inheritances. I believe less and less in heredity every day. Right thinking and right living will cure and prevent every form of disease, which means simply lack of ease. ELEANOR KIRK.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARGARET DUNN.

Last month there departed this life two ladies, natives of Ireland and old residents of Chicago. Miss Rose Dunn, born at Phillipstown, Kings county, Ireland, died May 28, 1893, aged 92 years, and May 6th her sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Dunn, of 263 North Market street. The latter had resided in Chicago continuously since 1849. She was born the 9th day of August, 1816, in the little town of Brachna, Kings county, Ireland, where her father, William McCaffary, kept an inn. He left for America several years before his daughter, having been evicted by fraudulent means from his estate for casting the deciding votes against his own landlord, French. It was on St. Patrick's day that Mrs. Dunn, with husband and children, bade adieu to the old land. After stopping a short while in New York, they at length settled in Chicago, living at different times on Wolcott (North State) street and Dearborn avenue, until, having purchased some lots on Warren avenue, they exchanged them for the lots on Market street, where the lady lived till the time of her death. Mrs. Dunn was well acquainted with a number of the earlier residents of the North Side, many of whom she had seen rise from poverty to affluence. Of a hopeful, religious and cheerful disposition, she never tired of describing the incidents of her youth or dilating on the beauties of dear old Ireland. As a singer of the sweet old times she had few equals. Kind and generous, void of ostentation and flattery, she neither avoided the poor beneath her, nor sought the rich above her in worldly station, yet for friendship's sake, among those who called to see her in her last illness were some who would be gladly welcomed in the city's proudest homes. The poor person and the millionaire met at her bedside. The gift of bringing sunshine to others, of making and keeping friends was largely hers. She will never be forgotten by those who knew her, and those who loved her, when memory brings her picture to the light, may, as a benediction, exclaim, as she often did: "The Lord be with old times."

J. P. D.

MR. T. V. KENNEDY.

Mr. T. V. Kennedy, Loomis and Fourteenth streets, for many years prominent in the Irish movement, and particularly in Fenian times, died at his residence on Tuesday, after an illness of one week. The cause of his death was blood poisoning, superinduced by a fall. Mr. Kennedy was born in Queen's county, Ireland, about sixty years ago. He came to Chicago about the year 1857, and resided here continuously up to the time of his death. He leaves five sons and two daughters to mourn his death. His wife and two daughters preceded him some years since to the better world. Mr. Kennedy was an honest, industrious man, an Irish Nationalist of unchangeable constancy, and an American citizen of chivalric loyalty. All who knew him mourn his death sincerely. The funeral occurred on Wednesday from the residence to the Jesuit church, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. There was a very large attendance, and nearly all the survivors of the old Fenian Brotherhood in the city escorted the remains to their last resting place.

REV. PATRICK M'GUIRE.

Rev. Patrick McGuire, of Belvidere, Ill., one of the oldest and most popular priests of the Catholic archdiocese of Chicago, died Tuesday afternoon at St. Joseph's Hospital, Garfield avenue and Burling street. While attending a funeral about six weeks ago he contracted a severe cold, which, aggravated by an old throat trouble, compelled him to seek the care of the sisters of charity in charge of St. Joseph's. His health rapidly declined, and one week ago he lapsed into unconsciousness. Although he remained in this condition until the end came, but few of his intimate friends were aware of his danger, and the announcement of his death came as a great shock to them. The remains were taken to Belvidere, where the interment took place Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock. A train bearing many of the Chicago clergymen and other friends of the deceased left the Northwestern depot at 7 a. m. The deceased was born in County Sligo, Ireland, about sixty-two years ago. He was ordained at Maynooth College, Dublin. He was paster at Belvidere for thirty years, being at the same time in charge of the churches at Marengo, Garden Prairie, Cherry Valley and Caledonia. He was a brother of Rev. Hugh McGuire, of St. James' church in this city. Perhaps no clergyman in this archdiocese was more beloved for his piety, charitable disposition and zealous efforts in the cause of the church than Father McGuire.

Happy days and restful nights result from using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It so regulates all the bodily functions and strengthens the nervous system that worry and fatigue are comparatively unknown and life is truly enjoyed. It is certainly a most wonderful medicine.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXI.

"The breezes whistled through the sails,
O'er Galway Bay the ship was heaving."

It was about a twelvemonth before the arrival of Edmund O'Tracy in the ancient City of the Tribes, that the forts of Galway and Oranmore fell into the hands of the Confederates. The storming of Galway by the O'Flaherties had been followed by the rising of the young men of the city, who took the Confederate oath in the Church of St. Nicholas, seized an English ship containing arms and supplies lying in the bay, and besieged the English governor, Sir Francis Willoughby, in the citadel. These events were followed by the arrival of a fanatic Scotchman, Lord Forbes, from Munster, with a large force, to the relief of Willoughby, upon which the latter, notwithstanding a truce made between him and the townsmen, burnt the suburbs and sacked the churches of Galway, exercising a perfect reign of terror; while his confrere, Forbes, converted the Dominican church and monastery into a battery against the town, and showed his intense bigotry by digging up and burning the bones and coffins of the dead there interred. But after a time the Scot returned with his force to Munster, and soon afterwords the fort of Galway surrendered to the chief commander of the Confederate forces in Connacht—namely, Lieut-Gen. John Burke; and Willoughby and his garrison, which partly consisted of Irish troops in the English service, marched out of the province. The surrender of Galway to the Irish took place on the 20th of June, 1643, and thenceforward for nine years the green flag of Ireland waved over what was justly considered "the second fort in the kingdom." These historical details—some of which have not been mentioned in the preceding chapter—though tedious, may be a necessary preface to the events presently to be narrated a few more of them will suffice for our purpose.

The "great man" of Galway county was Ulick de Burgo, Earl of Clanrickard, a toadying royalist, and one who seemingly had not yet learned to put "fear God" before "honor the king." He was Ormond's principal tool in Connacht, and in many ways proved himself worthy of his crafty and treacherous master. He openly countenanced the outrages of the Puritan garrison upon the brave Galwegians, and incurred popular odium in various other ways. And yet this was the man whom the Anglo-Irish faction among the Confederates wished to entrust with the command of the Irish forces in Connacht, Burke being appointed lieutenant general in order that the chief command might be at Clanrickard's disposal whenever he might think proper to accept of it!

There was, indeed, a Clanrickard faction in the old City of the Tribes, but it was a very weak one compared with the great popular concourse of all ranks and classes that lined the streets of Galway on the second morning after the death of Capt. Skerrett, to witness the departure for many long years of the last remaining vestige of English power. Stately burghers and stalwart mechanics, with their buxom wives and blushing daughters, peasants and soldiers, priests and friars, were mingled in a great, merry, excited, and exulting multitude on and about the principal quay, where a ship with the royal bauner of England, with its red St. George's Cross on a white ground, flying from her masthead, lay at anchor.

The ship was to carry from Galway to Bristol a detachment of one hundred and fifty men who had formerly formed part of Willoughby's Galway garrison, and who were now sent by the earl of Ormond to the aid of his royal master, King Charles, who was at drawn daggers with the parliament. For in the preceding September a cessation of hostilities for one year had been signed by Ormond and the Confederates—a cessation brought about by the Anglo-Irish faction, and wholly displeasing to the "old Irish" party of the Confederation—and the viceroy was free to make use of the port of Galway for the embarkation of what troops he wished.

The bell of St. Nicholas was chiming the morning Angelus as the departing troops marched to the quay. They were of both nationalities, English and Irish, and several of them were accompanied by their wives. They marched with steady discipline, in a column four deep, all infantry. Their uniform was of a buff color, with large white collars of coarse linen and great gauntlets of yellow buckskin. Each man wore a corselet and casquetel of black iron, the former crossed by a broad, polished, leathern belt suspending a number of bandoliers—i.e., small, wooden cases, each containing a charge of powder: the balls were carried loose in a pouch on the left side, a priming horn of powder hanging on the right. Each carried a polished matchlock on his shoulder, and a short, heavy sword hanging by his side.

At the head of the column marched Capt. Anthony Willoughby, the officer who had so narrowly escaped assassination two nights before. He was in command of the detachment.

The embarkation of those military passengers and their wives was just completed, when Edmund O'Tracy leaped on board the vessel. His presence there shall be explained further on. Then, as the good ship Pelican weighed her anchor, spread her canvas, and moved away from the wharf, a succession of loud and triumphant cheers rang from the assembled Galway folk. Good cause was there for this exultation: Galway was not sorry to see the last of the instruments of the cruel rule of Forbes and Willoughby.

And now to follow the course of the Pelican.

On she glided seaward over the blue water, on like a thing of life, and her white sails swelling in a propitious breeze, Galway was soon left behind; so was the ancient Claddagh, as curious in the laws and customs of its fisher king and his subjects as in the day when its boyish inhabitant placed his fish in the hands of St. Edna of Arran. On past the conspicuous White Cliff of Barna, or Knock-a-Blakagh (Blake's Hill), "whither" (in the words of O'Flaherty, the historian) "the young men of Galway were wont to come a-horseback the third day of their May-game, and there dine between this hill and the castle of Barna." On past the white strand of Traybane, where Murrough O'Flaherty of the Battle-axes won a great victory over the men of Clanrickard in the old times. And on past many another scene fraught with memories of the warlike past.

It was a lovely May morning. Old Loch Lurgan looked its best, its waves sparkling in the sunlight, and its broad boson all aglow under the smile of the blue sky. A purplish mist lay on the hills of Corcomroe on the left hand, and rested lightly on the deeply indented shores of ancient Tir-da-loch, on the right, beyond which appeared the mountains of Connemara, their rugged summits sharply cut against the clear northern sky. In front arose the lofty outlines of the grand, ocean-defying cliffs of Arran of the Saints, beyond which the level sea-line was marked by the ever-heaving, snow-white billows of the Atlantic.

The human freight of the Pelican was scattered all over her deck, to the no small annoyance of her active, bustling, crew, who secretly rejoiced at the thought of the ludicrous figures their warlike cargo should cut by-and-by, when the inevitable *mal de mer* should come on board. The sons of Mars, however, were in the best of spirits, and seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely. Some smoked, some sang, mixing Irish ballads with English barrack ditties, some chatted on the prospect of their voyage, and others leant on the bulwarks, watching the fishermen's barks, setting out to reap their daily harvest of the waters, or exercising their powers of badinage on the Arran islanders and their wives and daughters, who sailed past in their rude coracles on their way to the Galway market with their cargoes of beef, hides, tallow, butter and cheese. Arms, armor, and ammunition were stored away below, and the soldiers, free from the restraints of barrack life, were as merry as possible.

With folded arms Edmund O'Tracy stood apart, and watched the receding outlines of the City of the Tribes. As he did so he felt stealing on his mind a strange presentment of coming ill—a saddening and disheartening sensation which he tried in vain to shake off. Long ere the Pelican had quitted Galway Bay he began to repent of his having ever set foot on her deck.

The circumstances which had brought him on board the vessel may be briefly related. Entrusted, as we have seen, by the dying Skerrett with a letter of importance from Lord Castlehaven to Colonel Preston, he had been puzzled how to fulfill his promise of bearing the missive speedily to its destination. Preston was now commanding in Waterford, and our hero, following the death of Skerrett, happened to let fall in the hearing of Captain Willoughby his intention of proceeding to that city without delay; whereupon the English officer, anxious to show his gratitude in some way to one who had saved his life, at once invited him to accompany him promising to set him ashore at the mouth of the Suir, when the Pelican should pass that way on her way to England. It was not without a somewhat ruffled sense of honor that our hero accepted this courteous offer—it seemed so like a breach of confidence to make it the medium of bearing an apparently military dispatch from one to another of the unsuspecting captain's political foes. Besides, it seemed rash and dangerous to carry an an important document on board an enemy's ship. But accept the offer he did, so here he was on board the Pelican, fast sailing out of Galway Bay—here an object of curiosity to both soldiers and sailors, and with Castlehaven's epistle in his pocket.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Colann gan Cheann.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Chuaidh Dómhnal 'nna chodladh, agus nior mhúsgail sé go dtáinig an duine-uasal asteach air maidin, agus d'fhiafruigh dhé ar chodail sé go maith, no cá ndeachaidh an sean-fhear a d'fhág sé leis. "Innseóchaidh mé sin duit am eile, tá sgeul fada agam le h-iunsеacht (innsint) duit i dtosach." "Tar go dti mo theach liom," ar san duine uasal.

Nuair bhi siad a' dul go dti an teach, cia d'fheicfeadh siad a' teacht amach as na sgeathachaibh, acht an fear bocht gan snáithe air nios mó 'ná do bhi air an oidhche a rugadh é, agus é ag crathadh leis an bhfuacht. Fuair an duine uasal a chuid eudaigh dhó, thug a thuarasdal dó, agus as go bráth leis. Chuaidh Dómhnal go teach an duine uasail, agus nuair d'ith agus d'ól se a sháith, dubhairt sé, "tá sgeul agam le h-insеacht duit." Annsin d'innis sé dhó gach nidh a thária dhó an oidhche roimhe, go dtáinig sé chomh fada leis an roinn i dtaoibh an óir. "Tar liom go bhfeicfidh mé an t-ór," ar san duine uasal. Chuadar go dti an caisleán, thóg sé an leac, agus nuair chonnairc sé an t-ór dubhairt se, "tá 's agam anois go bhfuil an sgeúl fior."

Nuair ruair sé lomlán an eolais ó Dhómhnal, fuair sé barántas anaghaidh an bhuitléir, acht cheil sé an choir. Nuair rugadh an buitléar i láthair an bhreithimh bhi Dómhnal ann sin agus thug fiadhnuise. Ann sin do léigh an breithcamh as a pháipéarabh, agus dubhairt, "Ni thig liom an fear so d'fhághail cionntach gan nios mó d'fhiadhnuise."

"Tá mise ann so," ar Colann-gan-cheann, a' teacht taobh shiar de Dhómhnal. Nuair chonnaire an buitléar é dubhairt sé leis an mbreithcamh, "ná téidh nios faide, tá mé cionntach; mharbh me an fear, agus tá a cheann faoi leic an teaghlaigh ann a sheómra féin." Ann sin d'orduigh an breitheamh an buitléar do chrochadh, agus d'imthigh Colann-gan-cheann.

Lá air na mháraich pósadh Dómhnal le h-inghin an duine-uasail, agus fuair sé spré mhór léithe, agus chuaidh sé 'nna chómhnuidhe annsan g-caisleán. Seal geárr 'nna dhiaigh seo, fuair sé a chóiste réidh, agus chuaidh air cuairt ag a mháthair.

Nuair chonnaire Diarmuid an cóiste teacht ni raibh fhios aige cia an duine mór do bhi ann. Tháinig an mháthair amach, agus rith sí chuige, a' rádh, "Nach tu mo Dhómhnal féin, gráidh mo chroidhe thu, bhidheas ag guidhe air do shon ó d'imthigh tu." Ann sin d'iarr Diarmuid párdún air agus fuair uaidh é. Ann sin thug Dómhnal sporán óir dó, ag rádh leis 'san am ceudna, "sin luach an dá uallach coirce agus na g-capall, agus na cairte." Ann sin dubhairt sé le n-a mháthair, "budh cóir duit teacht abhaile liomsa, tá caisleán breágh agam agus gan aon duine ann, acht mo bhean agus na searbhfhóghantaidh." "Rachad leat," ar san mháthair, "agus fanfad leat go bhfágh' me bás." Thug Dómhnal an mháthair abhaile leis, agus chaitheadar beatha shona le chéile annsan g-caisleán.

[CRIOCH.]

NAPOLEON AND THE SENTINEL.

Like many another event of like character, this story has been told in many different ways, and has been marvelously added to by the different hands through which it has passed;—the story of the sentinel who seemingly came so near to running the Emperor through with his bayonet in consequence of Napoleon's inability to give the countersign. The soldier's name was Coluche. He lived to a good old age, having died in the Hotel des Invalides, during the reign of Napoleon III, in 1857. Coluche's own version, given to one who had shown him friendship, was as follows:

"They have made a very big story from a very small affair. Indeed, it was no affair at all only for this: that the Emperor happened to be the forgetful man. I will tell you just how it was:

"Just after the victory of Ebersberg—Ah, how we did whip the Austrians on that day! You know, monsieur, that the Austrians, under the Archduke Charles, had taken advantage of the Emperor's being absent in Spain—but he came to us very quickly when he heard of it, and he made Austria sorry. We entered Vienna a second time in grand style. But where is my story? As I was telling you, it was just after the victory of Ebersberg, in 1809, that I was posted at the entrance of a badly shattered building, in which the Emperor had taken up his quarters. My orders were not to allow any person to pass my post except an officer of the staff was with him. In the evening, between 9 and 10 o'clock, a person, short in stature, wearing an old grey overcoat, came toward my post and wanted to pass out. I lowered my bayonet and simply said: 'Nobody passes here.' Those were the words I used. I never added, as has been so often imputed to me, 'even if you were the Little Corporal himself!' I had not the least idea at the time that I had the Emperor before me.

"Well, the person came on without seeming to notice what I had said; and then, with the quick movement of a French grenadier, I brought my bayonet to the full charge and called out, 'Hold! If thou takest another step this way I will run my bayonet through thy body!' I may have said, 'into thy stomach,' but it does not matter. The sound of my voice in this last speech brought out the whole of the staff, and then I learned that he was the Emperor whom I had threatened to bayonet. His Majesty went back into the building, and I was given over to an officer of the guard and marched off to the guard-house, where my comrades tried to frighten me.

"'Ah, you are lost!' they said. 'You have committed a deadly assault on the Emperor.' But they didn't scare me. It had been said that, when I was at length sent for to go before Napoleon, I was sorely frightened; but those that said so lied. I said from the first, 'Our good Emperor is a true-hearted soldier, and he will never punish a soldier for obeying orders.'

"And I was right. On the next morning I was brought before the Emperor, and the very first words he spoke to me were these—he looked at me keenly in the eye for a moment, and then said: 'Grenadier, thou may'st put a red ribbon in thy buttonhole, for here I give to thee the cross.' And as he spoke he stretched out his hand with the cross of the Legion of Honor resting upon the ends of his beautiful fingers.

"Oh, what a moment it was when I caught his hand and kissed it! I was well nigh blind; and it was rather to hide my feelings than for anything else that I made the reply that I did make—there's no mistake in that! Said I: 'Thanks, my Emperor; but I know of no ship in the country where I can buy the ribbon.' Napoleon laughed and answered me—and he could be very pleasant when he felt inclined.

"Said he, 'There's a girl in the *auberge* across the way who has a red petticoat. Get a piece of that.'

"But I found a piece of ribbon—an officer gave it to me. So the woman of the *auberge* did not cut her red petticoat.'

When Louis Napoleon was on the throne of France he received Coluche—then in his 88th year—at Fontainebleau, and had a long conversation with him. Among other things he asked the veteran:

"'Though you did not know it was the Emperor would you really have run him through the body and killed him?'

"'No, sire,' the old soldier answered. 'I had planned just what I would do. I should have pinned him by the arm, and so held him till help came.'"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL.} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood an mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Full of Peril

Are those disorders which, beginning with an apparently trivial inactivity of the kidneys or bladder, terminates in Bright's disease, diabetes and cystitis. The first two not only interrupt the functions of the renal organs, but destroy their structure with as much certainty as tubercular consumption does that of the lungs. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an excellent diuretic, promoting the activity of these organs without over exciting them, thus averting the deadly maladies in which their inaction is so prone to culminate. The removal from the blood of impurities which the kidneys should, but do not, when inactive, secrete, is another beneficent effect of this incomparable medicated stimulant and depurent. The Bitters is, in all cases, too, a fine restorative of vigor and aid to digestion, remedies malarial disease, and banishes liver complaint and constipation.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

Testing Iron Castings.

"Have you ever noticed," said a St. Louisan yesterday, "those massive iron pillars now standing erect in the basement of the new Planter's House? Well, did you ever stop to think of the immense weight they will be compelled to support steadily for many, many years? Oh, you have. But I suppose you have thought the manufacturer just made those pillars and sold them without knowing anything about how much weight they would bear or how long they would bear it. Let me tell you about that.

"Those pillars are cast in the same manner as cast iron stoves—by running the liquid metal into sand molds, but alonside of each pillar is cast an iron bar from the same metal. The bar is precisely an inch square and 5½ feet in length. When cold, it is subjected to a very simple test. Each end of the bar is placed upon a table and weights are suspended from the center by a rope. It must bear a tensile strength of 500 pounds to the square inch. The test may begin with 400 pounds and be gradually increased until the bar is found to be perfectly supporting the required weight. If it breaks, for instance, at 480 or 490 pounds, then the pillar cast from the pot of metal which cast the bar is discarded, broken up and put into the pot again, with more pig iron added. The pillars, you know, are largely made from scrap iron, and the manufacturers cannot know the strength of the cast until it is tested. The addition of pig iron in the event of failure brings the cast up to the standard."—St. Louis Republic.

In British Honduras.

British Honduras is a crown colony, and of its 30,000 population there are about 300 whites, mainly English. There is an American colony of about 20 people at Toledo engaged in sugar growing and rum making. They are mainly from Kentucky, and it is a prosperous colony. The country is healthful for a tropical country, and there has not been a case of yellow fever in several years. The principal product is mahogany, and it will be years before the forests are exhausted. Great quantities of logwood are also shipped to Europe. We ship only bananas and plantains to the United States, shipping last year 728,000 bunches of bananas to New Orleans. The great problem with us is labor, and we import natives from the West Indies.

We need immigration, and Sir Alfred Maloney, the governor, is a very progressive man and is doing much to bring us to the notice of the world. We have no railroads beyond a tramway drawn by mules, penetrating the plantations for about six miles. There is not a telegraph instrument or line in the province and only a short telephone line between government buildings. We have no money of our own, but use the silver of surrounding republics, which is so depreciated that $5 in American money is equal to $8.60 of the money in use.—Interview in Washington Star.

He Was a Nobleman by Nature.

Don't tell me now that men are callous and selfish when the woman is an old one, for I won't believe it.

We were hurrying to catch the elevated train when a poor old Irish woman stopped, and directly in the way of all other would be passengers endeavored to readjust a strap that had slipped from the package she was carrying.

Her hands were cold, and she seemed unable to loosen the buckle, when a good looking man came up and seeing her difficulty laid his own packages down on the platform while he asked:

"Can't you manage it? Here, let me do it for you."

Of course "time and tide" and elevated trains wait for no man, and we rolled away from the station just as he had completed his self imposed task.

We saw him pick up his bundles and walk toward the waiting room to get warm—for the wind was cold—never seeming to regret the train he had missed for doing a kindness for "some one's mother!"

I found myself hoping that his wife, if he had one, would not scold him for coming home late.

Oh, the world is full of charity if we only stop and look for it!—New York Herald.

For Weary Feet.

"My old colored cook," said a woman recently, "keeps a pad of her own manufacture always before the kitchen sink. It is made of several pieces of old carpet tacked together with strong thread, the whole being made over and renewed quite frequently. When I asked her the other day why she kept the rather unsightly rug on her neat linoleum covered floor, she explained that it was a great rest to her feet to stand off the unyielding floor.

"And when my attention was thus called to it I could see that it must be, and the idea was worth handing around.

"I have heard saleswomen and men, too, complain to one another in the shops of the pain which they suffered from constantly standing on the wooden floors, and I presume this condition would be much relieved if a strip of rope matting could be stretched for their use."—New York Times.

Blighted Hope.

Teddy Vanderchump, a young society man, has been paying his addresses to Miss Rose Bondclipper of Madison avenue. His visits have been very frequent of late, and last night Tommy, Miss Rose's younger brother, said:

"You ought to come and see us every evening, Mr. Vanderchump."

"Why, Tommy?"

"Because it makes Sister Rose so happy to have you go away you ought not to miss an evening."

They missed Teddy for the rest of that evening.—Texas Siftings.

East Indian Families.

Millions of men in India live, marry and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above fifty cents a week and frequently sinks to half that amount.—Exchange.

Friendships of Snakes.

There is a certain coolness almost to be called a positive want of cordiality between snakes and human beings. More, the snake is never a social favorite among the animals called lower. Nobody makes an intimate friend of a snake. Popular natural history books are filled and running over with anecdotes of varying elegance and mendacity, setting forth extraordinary affection and co-operation between a cat and a mouse, a horse and a hen, a pig and a cockroach, a camel and a lobster, a cow and a wheelbarrow and so on, but there is never a snake in one of these quaint alliances. Snakes do not do that sort of thing, and the anecdote designer's imagination has not yet risen to the feat of compelling them, although the stimulus of competition may soon cause it.

The case most nearly approaching one of friendship between man and snake known to me is the case of Tyrrell, the zoo snakekeeper, and his "laidly worms." But then the friendship is mostly on Tyrrell's side, and, moreover, Tyrrell is rather more than human, as any one will admit who sees him hang boa constrictors around his neck. Of course one often hears of boys making pets of common English snakes, but a boy is not a human creature at all. He is a kind of harpy.—Arthur Morrison in Strand Magazine.

Exasperating Days.

Aren't there some times in your life when everything seems to go wrong no matter how hard you try to have them go right? Those are the trying days when you want to blame all the trouble on the way you got out of bed in the morning or on other people instead of looking the matter squarely in the face and saying, "It's one of my exasperating days, and if I can only keep my temper until night comes tomorrow will be different."

The trouble is when we feel ruffled ourselves we somehow impart the feeling to others, and nine times out of ten we either get into a quarrel or do some ugly, horrid little thing that we wouldn't think of on other occasions. If you can, on these hateful days, manage to think twice before you speak once it will save a lot of worry on the morrow. In fact, that is a good rule to go by at all times, for of all the unruly, mischief making members the tongue is the most prominent.—Philadelphia Times.

Costly Gown, Poor Minister.

A sweet damsel of Baltimore is about to be married to a minister. She confided to the Other One that her wedding dress was "a dream"—satin at $7 a yard and $500 worth of duchess lace. "Only fancy," observed the Other One reflectively to me, "only fancy that gown—of course I mean a girl wearing such a gown—married to an everyday common preacher. Of course it isn't as if he were a bishop or anything like that, but an unheard of person living in an unfashionable part of the city. Really, it is very inharmonious." "Then why are you going to the wedding?" "Why? Because I am a student of human nature, and such odd cases are an interesting study."—Detroit Free Press.

No one has sent Lizzie Borden any flowers, and no women have called on her. Certainly not one has shown her a kindness in the courtroom, not one has sat by her or spoken to her.

* * *

Ex-Senator Wade Hampton, now United States railroad commissioner, is in San Francisco, whither he has gone on a journey of inspection of the Pacific roads.

E. F. Brooks, a brakeman on the Wabash road, was found in his room at Council Bluffs, Ia., unconscious from asphyxiation. His recovery is doubtful.

Lieutenant William P. Ray, U. S. N., committed suicide at Mare Island. He had sufferd from nervous prostration.

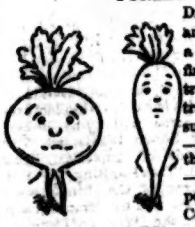
Snow & Burgess, shipping merchants at New York, have failed, with liabilities of $250,000.

C. F. Higgins' Western bank at Missoula, Mont., has closed its doors. Among the deposits are $80,000 of county and city funds.

A Rock Island passenger train ran over two deaf and dumb boys near the Iowa School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs. Anton Casper was killed and S. Dingster badly injured.

The strikers at the Standard Oil works at Whiting, Ind., voted to go back with a nine-hour day. Four hundred mechanics are affected by this decision. Both parties express themselves as satisfied.

PURELY VEGETABLE—



Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're a compound of refined and concentrated botanical extracts. These tiny, sugar-coated pellets—the smallest and the easiest to take—absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick and Bilious Headaches, Dizziness, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels.

They cure *permanently*, because they act *naturally*. They don't shock and weaken the system, like the huge, old-fashioned pills. And they're more effective. One little pellet for a corrective or laxative—three for a cathartic.

They're the *cheapest* pills you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the *good* you get.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.
Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WHITE CITY VIEWS

West Virginians and Californians at the Fair.

GOLDEN STATE'S HOME DESCRIBED.

Her Sons and Daughters Drink to Her Prosperity in HerOwnWine—Programme at the West Virginia Dedication—Features for a Day—Lectures on Forestry—Men of Commerce and Finance—Sunday Closers' Protests.

CHICAGO, June 20.—California was the feature of the fair yesterday afternoon until late, and today West Virginians felt like the earth was theirs and the fullness thereof. California has a building big enough to be an exposition in itself, and it is full of objects of interest down upon which looks the colossal statue emblematic of the state. Here are California's fruits, her wines, her minerals and her woods to a very interesting extent, but not at all detracting from the exhibits she makes in the great buildings of the exposition. And here her sons and daughters gathered and after the dedication drank to her prosperity in her own juice of the grape. It is a mammoth building in the style of the old mission buildings of the Spanish priests. Its walls are artificially cracked and seamed to look ancient and it is 435 by 144 feet in dimensions.

STATUE OF CALIFORNIA.

Made More Beautiful With Bunting.

The building is probably the most artistically instructive of any in the World' fair state group, but was made more beautiful than ever by the United States and Spanish flags which were intertwined about the great pillars supporting the gallery and flowers of all kinds were placed in many places about the building, lending much to a pleasing whole. Among the features of the building are three fountains, a grand central hall, wide gallery, banquet hall and assembly room. On the roof is a garden. A great painting of San Fransisco and the Golden Gate occupies all the space over the entrance to the art gallery and the whole of the lower floor is devoted to the state exhibit. The south front is a reproduction of the old mission church at San Diego and the main tower is modeled after the tower of the same church. The building cost $110,000.

West Virginia Dedicates Her Home.

West Virginians were somewhat disappointed by the non-arrival of Governor MacCorkle, who was to have delivered the address of the day at the dedication of the state building. But the place will be filled by the time the exercises begin, though by whom is not known at this writing. The programme is as follows: Prayer; presentation of the building to the governor by W. N. Chancellor, president of the West Virginia board of World's fair managers; music by the Iowa state band; acceptance of the building; music; address by the Hon. A. W. Campbell, of Wheeling; music; address by General J. W. St. Clair, national commissioner from West Virginia; musical entertainment by Miss Kenne Smith, of Parkersburg, W. Va.

Other Features at Jackson Park.

Among the entertainments provided by the management today are: Band concerts on the plaza in morning and afternoon; lecture in Woman's building by Mrs. A. G. Spencer on "Advantages and Dangers of Organization for Women;" reception to California children in Children's building, and a concert by the St. Paul and Minneapolis Choral association—250 voices—in Music hall.

WEST VIRGINIA STATE BUILDING.

There were a number of sudden cases of prostration at the grounds yesterday, either from the heat or cholera morbus, but the hospital service proved efficient and all the afflicted ones were promptly relieved and sent home out of danger.

Lectures on Forestry Subjects.

The assembly hall in the south annex of Agricultural hall has been used for the first time for a lecture by Alfred B. King, commissioner for Liberia, on the "Woods of the West Coast of Africa." Other lectures in the forestry course will be by Robert Judson, of New South Wales, on "The Commercial Woods of Australia; Their Value and Uses;" "Tree Planting," by Professor C. B. Waldron, of the Illinois state agricultural college, and by Commissioner J. T. Grinlinton on the "Woods of Ceylon."

MATTERS OF MUCH MOMENT

Will be Discussed by the Congress of Commerce.

Last night a congress opened in Art institute that will not suffer in the importance of the subjects discussed in comparison with any held or to be held in that building. It is the Congress of Commerce and Finance and it will be divided into several departments. Last night's meeting was social and preliminary. Today at 10 a. m. the bankers met with Lyman J. Gage presiding. Each member wore a medal on which was the motto: "Movit Mundum" ("It moves the world") in its center, surrounded by the words, "International Congress of Bankers and Financiers, Chicago, 1893."

The congress includes six general divisions, each of which will hold a separate congress, as follows: Banking, boards of trade, railway, commerce, insurance, mercantile credits and building and loan associations. These congresses will all be held between now and July 2, and a congress on water commerce, also scheduled in the same general department, has been transferred to July 31. At these meetings the leaders of the world's trade and commerce will take part in the discussions. There will be present gentlemen who have reached the highest positions in their respective lines. Papers embodying the thought and experience of thoroughly informed men will be read at the sessions and valuable practical results are expected from the deliberations of these congresses.

At 3:30 p. m. a special conference of the delegates appointed by the several bankers' associations will be held for organization and discussion. It is believed that an international organization will be one of the results of this conference. A conference of bank examiners and superintendents of banking laws is arranged for the same hour.

METHODISTS FULL OF PROTESTS.

They Object to the Court's Decision and Threaten a Boycott.

So far the Methodists lead in protests against the decision of the United States court of appeals on Sunday opening. At the meeting of ministers of that sect in this city Rev. Benson intimated that the personal devil "squatted" at the ear of Justice Fuller and dictated his words. Rev. McKean, secretary of the American "Sabbath" union, said that the decision as rendered was unfair. "It is based on the assumption that the government had no financial interest at stake. This was merely a subterfuge for the benefit of the Sunday openers' cause. There was no reference to the points raised in the hearing before the lower court." The decision was also denounced at the meetings of the Congregational and Baptist preachers.

At Omaha the Methodists resolved not to attend the fair and to dissuade all others from attending; also that the Methodist exhibit should be withdrawn. The proposition of Bishop Merritt, at Chicago, that the bishops issue an exhortation to members of the church to boycott the fair, was endorsed. New York city Methodist resolutions declared Sunday opening an evidence of commercial dishonor and bad faith, and called upon the commission appointed by the general conference to take such steps as shall free Methodists of complicity. But no action was taken on the resolutions.

World's Fair Notes.

Total paid attendance yesterday was 82,146.

The committee on awards has cabled to Dr. John Stainer, organist of St. Paul's cathedral, London, his appointment as judge of music.

The council of administration has ordered that the buildings be open every night until 10 o'clock, the gates to shut one hour later. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday are to remain special evenings as heretofore, with special attractions.

MOUNTED CAIRO STREET DRUMMER.

A move started by a morning paper to have the admission fee reduced to 25 cents on Sunday will not probably receive much attention from the directory. They say that the show any day of the seven is worth 50 cents, and that a reduction would increase attendance Sunday at the expense of the rest of the week.

Oregon, the state of Governor Pennoyer, is one of the few states that is not represented at the World's fair by a state building. Her World's fair appropriation was made at such a late date that it was not deemed advisable to attempt to erect a building. Oregon, however, is represented in the several great buildings of the exposition by most creditable displays. Her fruit, agricultural, mineral and fisheries exhibits are especially fine.

Cumulative Punishment Goes in Colorado.

DENVER, June 20.—In the petition of Alfred Packer, the man-eater, for a writ of habeas corpus the supreme court has upheld the district court of Hinsdale county and remanded the petitioner, now serving a term at Canon City, to complete his sentence. The opinion of Chief Justice Hayt was that the district court had the authority to inflict successive or cumulative penalties for the several convictions. Packer will now serve eight years for the murder of Bell and so on for his three other victims with deductions with good behavior.

Trying to Close a Crevasse.

NEW ORLEANS, June 20.—The crevasse at Reserve plantation, one of the finest in the state, is now seventy-five feet wide and between ten and twelve feet deep. A large force of men are at work upon it and there is some hope of closing it. If the break remains open and widens, as it must do if not speedily gotten under control, the Illinois Central tracks will probably be flooded and traffic with Chicago over that line seriously interrupted.

Would Like To Be Illinois' Governor

MASCOUTAH, June 20.—The southern Illinois Republicans will make a strong fight for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in 1896. The Egyptian candidate for the Republican nomination is already in the field—Cicero J. Lindley, of Bond county. Judge Lindley was for a number of years state president of the Farmer's Mutual Benefit association.

A Methodist Preacher Arrested.

DENVER, June 20.—Rev. T. C. Parkman, a Methodist preacher, has been arrested on a warrant charging him with larceny as bailee of several thousand dollars belonging to the New York Life Insurance company and the German Insurance company, of which he was the Denver agent. The constable caught the reverend gentleman packing his valise in haste

Yankton College Doing Pretty Well.

YANKTON, S. D., June 20.—Yankton college, a Congregational institution located in this city, has succeeded in raising $75,000, thereby securing the first installment of the gift of Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the Chicago philanthropist, who offered to give $1 for every $3 raised by friends of the institution.

Ann Arbor Railway Reorganization.

TOLEDO, June 20.—A reorganization of the Ann Arbor Railway company and the discharge of Receiver Wellington R. Burt is likely to occur very soon as the result of a meeting of the directors of the road.

SOLONS GO MARCHING HOME.

Illinois Lawmakers Go Out of Business for a Couple of Years.

SPRINGFIELD, June 15.—The senate has passed bills authorizing and regulating windstorm insurance companies; providing that county school superintendents shall not be dismissed without trial by jury. The resolution providing for sine die adjournment tomorrow was concurred in, and the bill raising the age of consent to 16 years was passed. The Stringer educational bill was sent to third reading and the governor's veto of the appropriation to the Dairymen's association sustained. The Berry anti-pool selling bill was laid on the table. The governor nominated Frederick B. Winston, of Cook County, for Lincoln park commissioner to succeed W. C. Goudy.

The "sweat shop" bill has gone to the governor from the house. The house sent to third reading a bill requiring all interest on public funds to be accounted for, whether state, county, city, town, school, park, or other funds. The bill making a candidate ineligible for the office he wants if he bribes in any way, and disfranchising a voter for two years if he "strikes" the candidate for a favor, was passed. The bill permitting towns of 30,000 or more population to sprinkle streets by special assessment was passed, as were the bills giving the Chicago drainage board police powers, appropriating money for the Quincy Soldiers' home and state reformatory at Pontiac.

The bill prohibiting special taxation in cities and towns for anything except sidewalks was passed; so was the bill providing for uniformity in the assessment of banks. A number of measures were advanced to third reading, including the anti-Pinkerton bill. A bill to divide special assessments into seven annual installments was passed.

SPRINGFIELD, June 16.—The senate adopted the report of the committee on Lincoln's monument to the effect that $10,000 be appropriated for its repair and $3,000 annually for maintenance and that an old soldier be the custodian. The bill regarding fraternal benefit associations was passed, as was the bill permitting cities of from 25,000 to 100,000 population to levy a tax of that more than three mills for park and boulevard improvement and also Ferns' anti-trust bill, the Berry anti-trust bill and the bill to permit the south park commissioners at Chicago to purchase the Art building at the World's fair. The arbitration and state fair bills are probably killed.

A report was adopted declaring the United States School Furniture company a trust and requesting the attorney general to take such measures against it as he may deem necessary. All the governor's appointments were confirmed and the pages of the senate presented Lieutenant Governor McGill a handsome cane. The house passed the bill to permit coal companies to own stock in railways, the bill providing for the care of pauper children in families or institutions especially designed therefor. The Torrens land transfer bill was amended and sent to third reading.

A resolution was adopted authorizing the return to the institutions from which they came of the state educational exhibits at the World's fair and the disposal of other exhibits as may be best for the interests of the state. The Joliet investigating committee exonerated Major McClaughrey, but thought that ditch cost too much.

SPRINGFIELD, June 17.—The Illinois legislature has passed into history and is no more, both houses having adjourned sine die. As closing transactions the senate passed the following bills: Giving county superintendents exclusive power to examine teachers; giving county commissioners power to create new road districts; allowing municipalities to buy or lease water works. There were two reports from the Joliet investigating committee, the minority declaring that even that ditch didn't cost too much and exonerating the commissioners as well as Major McClaughrey. Neither of them was adopted, three Democrats voting with the Republicans.

In the house the following bills and resolutions were agreed to: Appropriating $2,500 for expenses of special committees of the general assembly; reappropriating the unexpended balance of the amount heretofore appropriated for the Illinois building and exhibit at the World's fair; appropriating $700 to pay the employes of the general assembly; resolution of compliment to Speaker Crafts; the bill to regulate "foreign" building and loan associations; amending the act to indemify owners of sheep killed by dogs; charging a uniform fee of $25 for incorporating a body; revising the law in relation to the commitment of lunatics; protecting Chinese pheasants; creating a state insurance department with a chief at $5,000 per year. The most important measures left in the shuffle and defeated are these. Torrens land transfer bill and resolutions providing for the appointment of a commission to devise some means to enable eastern insurance companies to invest their surplus in Illinois, and for submission to the people at the next general election the question of holding a constitutional convention.

Crerar Will Valid.

CHICAGO, June 19.—The Crerar will has been affirmed and the Illinois supreme court has filed the opinion. This means that the following bequests made by the late John Crerar, who died Oct. 19, 1889, will be distributed by the trustees, Norman William and Huntington W. Jackson as directed by the last testament of Mr. Crerar: For public library, $2,500,000; Second Presbyterian church, $100,000; Second Presbyterian church missions, $100,000; Bible society, $25,000; Chicago Literary club, $10,000; monument to Lincoln, $100,000.

Boy Shot by a Policeman.

CHICAGO, June 19.—Joseph Harwick, 14 years old, was shot and almost instantly killed by a bullet fired from a revolver in the hands of Substitute Patrolman Peter Smith. Officer Smith was in pursuit of a pickpocket, and fearing that he might escape, drew his revolver and fired two shots at the fugitive. The boy evidently heard the first shot fired and ran into the street just as the officer fired the second. The ball entered his forehead and penetrated the brain, causing almost instant death.

Costly Blaze at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 19.—As the result of a fire in the six-story building at the northwest corner of Wabash avenue and Congress street there remains but the shell walls of a $50,000 structure, enclosing the debris, which represents, all told, a loss of between $250,000 and $300,000. The heaviest losses by the fire are the O. W. Richardson company, carpets, curtains, etc.; the Ginn Publishing company; Vose & Sons, pianos, and A. B. Chase & Co., piano manufacturers. Their combined losses are placed about $200,000.

RAGING FOREST FIRES.

Two Towns in the Northwest Wiped Out.

TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE HOMELESS.

Women and Children Put into Box Cars and Taken to Duluth—Iron Mountain and Virginia the Towns Destroyed—The Railroad Men Busy Relieving Distress—Costly Forest Fires Raging in Northern Wisconsin—A Narrow Escape.

DULUTH, Minn., June 19.—The towns of Virginia and Iron Mountain, on the Duluth, Mesaba and Northern road have been destroyed by forest fires, which have been ranging for a week. Mesaba and Biwabik, on the Duluth and Iron Range, were also visited by serious fires and Tower had a like experience. There are 3,000 people homeless in Virginia and without food or shelter, every provision depot and their contents in the place being destroyed. The women and children were put into box cars, but there was not an engine there to move them, and they had nothing to eat. The situation at Iron Mountain is little better. As soon as the news of these facts reached Duluth arrangements were begun to send relief to the distressed people. President Greatsinger of the Duluth and Iron range promptly placed a train at the disposal of parties who had already taken steps to obtain tents and provisions. President Alfred Merritt of the Mesaba road ordered the purchase of $1,000 worth of provisions, which will be sent by the road to the people at the various towns who have suffered.

Arrival of the Homeless.

The first train bearing the refugees from the range, carrying 250 people, mostly women and children, arrived in Duluth at 1:30 in the morning and the wearied, hungry passengers hurried from the coaches to the baggage rooms, where elaborate lunches were spread. Of all the crowd the greater portion was penniless, dependent absolutely upon what charity that might be offered. Few had saved anything beyond the most meagre effects, and for the whole train load there was but a single trunk. Among the first few who alighted from the train were two tired looking women, each with a babe on her arm, and the entire absence of other belongings told the story of a mother's love. There was another family, a mother, father and one child. Between them they had saved but one thing—a baby's picture. Ample preparations had been made to care for the hungry people. The tables were what first attracted the eyes of the hungry crowd. They could not stop to talk, even the little they had saved was in many cases hurriedly thrust aside. It was a most pathetic sight. Sandwiches, coffee, anything to eat disappeared faster than it could be supplied. They had had little or nothing to eat during the day.

Graphic Description.

A most graphic description of the fire at Virginia was given by James McCarthy, an actor, who had been playing at the Star theater. He was accompanied by his wife and a little child.

"The fire had been burning about Virginia for several days," he said, "but no one seemed to worry, so we did not. Saturday night we were called out to fight the fire, but it was easily gotten under control. Sunday morning it was worse and the town was almost surrounded by fire. About 2 o'clock the wind, which had been rising all the morning, blew a gale and houses on the edge of the town began to burn. People went mad. They attempted at first to save everything and began moving furniture. Then they tried to save lighter articles, but as the fire grew fiercer they were glad to save anything and escape with their lives. The town burned like tinder. The light frame buildings were like so much paper. The whole town was in ruins in less than an hour. The terrified people gathered around the Mesaba depot where the officers of the road were doing everything for their safety. A train of ore cars was backed into the depot and the people loaded in. All the way down we came through a lane of fire."

Loss of Life Reported.

A second train bearing refugees from the burned district arrived here at noon bearing nearly two hundred people. Advices from Virginia are to the effect that only ten houses escaped the flames. Virginia was a village of 3,500 people, with all that goes to make a thriving town. It is impossible at this time to secure an estimate of the loss. The city was just completing an elaborate electric plant and this, too, is a total loss. Iron Mountain was not so badly damaged as at first feared. So far as reported only the Methodist church and half a dozen houses were burned. Merritt and Mesania are completely cleaned out, not a house remaining. There are numerous fatalities and injuries reported, but no deaths have as yet been verified. Ed Kelly and Ida Vurth, a song and dance team, which was playing at one of the Merritt theatres, went back to the theatre to recover their wardrobe, when they were cut off from all means of escape except by the lake, and it is feared that they were either burned or drowned. A young woman whose name has not yet been learned went back into her burning house to get her babe and probably perished with the infant, as they have not been seen again.

Shot and Killed by Tramps.

CAIRO, Ills., June 19.—Just after the Illinois Central southbound train had crossed the bridge, two tramps boarded it at East Cairo, Ky., for the purpose of stealing a ride. They were soon discovered by the brakeman, who ordered them off. Instead of getting off, however, one of the tramps shot the brakeman, who died shortly afterward. His home is in Jackson, Tenn., and his name is not ascertained. Both tramps jumped off the train, landing in the mud under a low trestle, and escaped uninjured.

Headquarters at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 16.—The National Republican league in executive committee in session in the Grand Pacific hotel, has selected Chicago as a national headquarters by a vote of 10 states for Chicago, 4 for St. Louis, 3 for Washington and 1 for New York.

Jumped to Death Off Brooklyn Bridge.

NEW YORK, June 19.—An unknown man, apparently about 26 years old, jumped from the north roadway of the Brooklyn bridge and landed upon the roof of the shed that covers pier 29, East river. He was instantly killed. He is supposed to be named Muthrennen.

THE LEMONT RIOT.

Governor Altgeld Sends a Message to the Legislature.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 16.—Governor Altgeld sent a stirring message to the legislature in regard to the Lemont strike. After giving the gist of the telegrams received from the sheriffs of Cook, Will and Dupage counties in regard to the trouble, the governor said he was astonished to learn that the telegrams sent by the sheriffs of these counties calling for troops were absolute misstatements of the facts. From all that he could learn about the threatened trouble over fourteen miles of territory the sheriff of Cook county had but three deputies, the sheriff of Dupage none, and the sheriff of Will five in the day and seventeen at night, yet they sent telegrams urging the calling out of the troops. "It was very apparent to me," says the governor, "after arriving there that, had the sheriffs made even moderate efforts to enforce the law and protect life and property by calling out special deputies, they would have had no trouble at all."

In conclusion the governor says: "If the law does not already make the sheriff and his deputies liable for failing to make a proper effort to swear in special deputies when it is necessary to protect life and property, then the law should at once be so amended as to hold them responsible."

Inquest on a Lemont Victim.

CHICAGO, June 16.—The inquest begun last week at Lemont on the body of Gregore Kiska, the striker who was shot and killed at Smith's camp on June 9, was concluded when the jury returned a verdict to the effect that Gregore Kiska came to his death from shock and hemorrage caused by a gunshot wound inflicted by an unknown man, and recommending that the unknown man be apprehended and that contractors Locker, Jackson and Mather be censured for shooting defenseless men without cause or warrant of law.

THE YACHT CAPSIZED.

Three Young Men Drowned While Enjoying a Boat Ride.

ASHLAND, Wis., June 19.—The prize yacht Sheeney capsized in Chequamegon bay, a mile off of Washburn, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The boat contained a party of five well known young men. A squall struck it and it filled, going to the bottom almost in an instant. Lyle Kellogg, son of Trainmaster J. L. Kellogg of the Wisconsin Central, was the first to go down. Will Ford, a lumber inspector, tried to swim to shore and soon sank.

John Gay swam out a short distance to meet a pleasure steamer and sank just before they reached him, waving his hand to his frantic sister who was on the steamer. Jack Shepherd and Fred Carr, two other members of the party, swam to the masts of the sunken yacht which just came above water. Another sailboat nearby picked up Sheperd and the steamer Fashion picked up Carr. The three young men drowned were popular young business men. Harbor Master Bonner and a crew of seven also capsized, but were rescued.

OPEN SUNDAY FOR GOOD.

Unanimous Opinion Rendered by the Court of Appeals.

CHICAGO, June 19.—The World's fair is to be kept open on Sundays. Such was the decision of the United States circuit court of appeals, Chief Justice Fuller presiding. The appeal from the order of Circuit Judges Woods and Jenkins closing the fair on Sundays had been argued for two days, and now the court of appeals reversed it and held that the local directory could do as it pleased in the matter. This settles the case for all time, as both sides had agreed that no appeal should be taken from this court. Neither is one possible, as it would have to go to the supreme court of the United States, which does not meet until October.

Chief Justice Fuller rendered the decision, in which both Judges Allen and Bunn concurred. It was a short affair, the chief justice announcing that a more complete opinion would be filed later and he would now but give a synopsis of it, it being necessary to decide the case before another Sunday had gone by.

FINALLY KILLED HIMSELF.

A New Jersey Farmer's Desperate Effort at Self-Destruction.

RED BANK, N. J., June 16.—Patrick S. Sagurton, 25 years old, after several unsuccessful attempts, committed suicide at his home at Tinton Falls. Sagurton was a farmer. During the past few days he has been drinking hard. He told a friend that he had taken Paris green and that in a short time he would be dead. The attempt proved a failure and Sagurton went to a wood near his home, cut both of his wrists with a pocketknife and then tried to drown himself in a shallow brook. Those attempts at self-destruction being likewise unsuccessful he returned home and was seen by his mother to go into the barn. After he had remained there for some time Mrs. Sagnrton became uneasy and went to the barn. She was horrified to find him hanging from a beam, lifeless. He had fastened one end of a rope to the beam, the other he had tied around his neck, and, standing on a wagon wheel, he had jumped to the floor.

The Train Broke in Two.

SUMMIT, S. D., June 19.—One of the worst wrecks ever known on the Hastings and Dakota railway occurred nine miles west of here. The west-bound freight broke in two, three or four cars back from the engine. These cars were equipped with airbrakes and hence were stopped almost instantly, the rear-end section crashed into them with frightful force piling cars of merchandise into one heap. Dave Kinney, the brakeman on the head end, was killed, the balance of the crew escaping without injury.

Trains Collide in a Tunnel.

BELLAIRE, O., June 19.—Information is received here of a frightful collision which occurred in Board Tree tunnel, W. Va., on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad between two freight trains in which James Quinn and William Gearing, engineers, Peter Horn and John Fisher, firemen, and a front brakeman named Metz, were killed. The wreck was so complete that the tunnel was plugged up. The wreck has not been cleared and all trains are delayed.

Closed Its Doors.

FAIRFIELD, Ills., June 16.—The private banking house of J. R. Bonham has closed its doors. No report of assets and liabilities are given, but it is believed they are of small amount.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Rice paper is made from a filthy plant called tung-tsua, which is found in China, Corea and Japan.

The year 1893 began on Sunday and it will finish on Sunday, so that it will contain fifty-three Sundays.

Between 2,000 and 2,500 English convicts are annually discharged on ticket-of-leave, and of these over 700 are apprehended for fresh offenses and 120 for failing to report themselves.

The future of the People's party is assured, according to Governor Lewelling of Kansas. He declares that the Populists will elect their president in 1896, or in 1900 at the farthest.

A mammoth tusk was recently found in a mine at Schoningen, Brunswick, which, although broken off at the point, measures 12 feet in length and 2 feet in circumference, and weighs 224 pounds.

One of the great authorities on trotting horses is ex-Governor Morgan G. Bulkeley of Connecticut. He is a member of the congress of the National Trotting association, and is said to be able to tell the sire, dam and record of all the principal performers of the last twenty years.

* * *

William Shorter, a negro, was taken from a train near Winchester, Va., and lynched. He was on his way to his trial for assaulting a girl.

Ida Homan, an 8-year-old girl, was burned to death by an explosion of gasoline at Trenton, Ills. Her mother was dangerously burned in endeavoring to rescue the child.

R. T. Dameron was drowned in the Saline river near Salina, Kan. His home was at Franklin, Tenn.

Philip Wash, a farmer living near Maywood, Mo., was run over by a harrow and fatally injured.

John P. Jones of Nevada, John Russell Young, John W. Mackay, Warner Miller, and Tom Ochiltree met by chance in a New York restaurant the other night and dined together.

Vice President Voorhees of the Reading has effected a saving of $1,000,000 a year in salaries by dropping useless officials.

* * *

Evans and Sontag, the California outlaws, will recover from their wounds, it is now believed. They will be taken from Visalia to Fresno for trial.

John Alton, a riverman of Marshfield, Wis., while rolling logs in the Black river drive fell into the river and was drowned.

Several buildings at Mexico, Mo., were damaged by a severe electric storm.

Cæsar Hennington was hanged at Hazelhurst, Miss., for the murder last September of Dr. J. C. Davis.

Five men were injured, one fatally, and twenty cars smashed in a wreck on the Nickel Plate road at Hamburg.

William H. Price, president of the savings bank at Norwalk, O., had three ribs broken and received serious internal injuries by an attack from a bull.

John R. Asmus shot William Matthews five times at Vasalia, Cal. The trouble grew out of a lawsuit. Matthews' wounds are believed to be fatal.

Honcel Herink, a farmer, 22 years of age, killed himself on his father's farm, near Beatrice, Neb. No cause is assigned for the act.

* * *

At Leadville, Col., Dr. Schmeidinger tried to kill his divorced wife, but only wounded her in the leg. The woman's refusal of a reconciliation led to the shooting.

Natural gas has been struck at St. Louis on the premises of a dressed beef company, who were sinking an artesian well. The gas has forced its way through 800 feet of water.

The comptroller of the currency at Washington has issued a call on the stockholders of the defunct Capital National bank at Lincoln, Neb., for a full assessment of $100 on each share. In this way $300,000 will be realized.

Frederick Tillman, a wealthy merchant of La Crosse, Wis., died from sunstroke.

Marie Wainwright is to be married, it is reported, to Paul Schulta, a wealthy man of Tacoma, Wash.

Mrs. Dr. James Morrison of Jacksonville, Ills., fell dead in her carriage while taking a drive.

Allen Jenkins of Jeffersonville, Ind., the embezzling county treasurer, upon being informed that he would be required to make good his deficit of $20,681.19, absconded, and it is stated that he went to Mexico.

* * *

The world's railway commerce congress begins June 19. All railroad men are urged to attend.

George Drier, a Polish Jew who murdered Mrs. Fannie M. Fadden of Cape Charles, Va., Oct. 16, 1891, was hanged at Eastville, Va.

George Smith, an inmate of the insane asylum at Dayton, O., was murdered by some one unknown. It is claimed by the officials of the institution that the deed was committed by another patient. Two of the more rational inmates state that Smith was killed by attendants of the institution.

Work on the waterworks at North Manchester, Ind., has been suspended owing to the purchasers of the bonds of the town, a Chicago brokerage firm, failing to advance the money on them.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by **Erysipelas.** We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and the stomach. Try them. 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription $2.50
Six Months 1.25
Single Copies 05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 24, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. E. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—James J. Corbett.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

A DUBLIN GHOUL'S ATTACK ON WOLFE TONE.

The person who is writing about the United Irishmen in the Dublin *Irish Catholic* might devote himself to a better purpose than that of seeking to besmirch the glorious memory of Theobald Wolfe Tone—the most dangerous enemy the English government ever had to deal with in Ireland. THE CITIZEN publishes Tone's frank and manly statement of the circumstances surrounding the arrest of the Rev. William Jackson, in 1794, and his own subsequent arrangement with the Irish government in the same year, which led to his departure for America; and his final mission to France and Holland.

Wolfe Tone has never been a favorite with the Anglo-Catholic party in Ireland, of which the *Irish Catholic* is the mouthpiece. Every effort of that party, before and since the Union, has been directed toward destroying the Irish revolutionary element. The man who would seek to brand Theobald Wolfe Tone as a coward and a traitor is an infamous ghoul, no matter what may be his calling. To resurrect the letters of Marcus Beresford at this late day, for the purpose of accusing Tone is an infamous proceeding, and, if Ireland had the grit and spirit she ought to possess, the paper that dares such an infamy would not live a month. Wolfe Tone did more for Ireland than all the Anglo-Catholics that ever truckled to British influences and interests. *Their* record in 1798, is something that will not bear the inquisitorial search-light. While brave and true and noble Irish priests, like Father John Murphy, Father Clinch, Father Kerens, Father Roche and Father Michael Murphy were sealing their fealty to the cause of Irish liberty on field and scaffold in the county Wexford, the political bishops and priests, represented by Drs. McCormick and Troy, and by others more guilty still, were doing their utmost to sell the nationality of Ireland to Pitt for the boon of Catholic emancipation, that could have been better won from the Irish parliament, which those right reverend and reverend gentlemen aided materially in destroying. The record of the Anglo-Catholic party in Ireland during 1798-1800 is so horrible that the Irishman, who has a respect for his country and his religion, shrinks in disgust from its contemplation. It is an historical fact that the Irish hierarchy of that period did more to destroy the nationality of Ireland than the Orange lodges themselves. Many of the latter protested against the Union, while Doctors Troy, McCormick and their followers were laboring for it. As to the matter of giving information to the Irish government concerning participators in the rebellion, we refer the *Irish Catholic* to "Ireland Before the Union" written by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick. In regard to the proceedings of Drs. Troy and McCormick we refer our contemporary to the closing volume of Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century."

Theobald Wolfe Tone sacrificed everything that man could sacrifice for the independence of his country: his wife, his children, his liberty and his life. Could man do more? He refused to board the French frigate and make his escape, when Admiral Bompart and all the French officers, overmatched by the English fleet, urged him to fly, knowing what would be his bloody doom if he fell into the hands of the enemies of his native land. His reply to them was, "Shall it then be told that I fled whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country?" Incontrovertible history tells us how he commanded one of the guns, seeking death in the storm of battle and failing to find it. When the flagship of Bompart finally struck, Tone was the last to surrender his sword. Betrayed by his former classmate, Sir George Hill, at the breakfast given by Lord Cavan to the captured French officers, he was taken to Dublin under escort, his legs chained together under the belly of a horse! Who that has read his noble speech before the court martial that tried him and sentenced him to death can fail to be affected? What simplicity, what grandeur, what Spartanic courage in that splendid utterance! It is, indeed, the gospel of the Irish struggle. He asked from his judges only one favor—the privilege of being shot instead of hanged, out of regard not for himself, but the honorable French uniform which he wore as a general officer. This was refused him, for the English have never yet, as Tone's son bitterly says in his memoirs, shown mercy to a fallen foe. How proudly he avowed his "treason" to England and gloried in it! What tender manliness his farewell letters to his beloved wife and adored little children exhibit! And when at last, all hope of honorable death being denied, he perished, like an antique Roman by his own hand, rather than have his proud neck defiled by the English rope, what Irishman of spirit will not pardon the hero whose genius made France and Holland the armed allies of Ireland?

The ghoul writer in the *Irish Catholic*, instigated by Satan, cannot cloud the sunlight of such a memory as this. If, in 1798, there had been more Tones and less Troys, Ireland would be a free nation today. The grave in Bodenstown churchyard which holds the ashes of the hero, will be a place of pious pilgrimage—no matter what knaves and bigots may urge—to the latest generation.

IRISH DAY AND CONGRESS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The proposition made to the United Irish Societies by the State Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, to have an Irish Day, and an Irish Congress, at the World's Fair, is an excellent one, and should receive the support of all patriotically disposed Irish-Americans, no matter what other differences may divide them. It would be a goodly thing to show the persons who have refused the Irish flag a place on the World's Fair buildings, for fear of offending the ever malignant British sentiment, that the proscribed emblem has a much broader constituency in this free country than the lurid Union Jack of the British Empire, which, when displayed, looks like a ghastly emblem of bloodshed and oppression insulting the fair American sky, in which it once gleamed like fire from hell. In an international exhibition, it cannot be denied a place, although it recalls cruel memories; but the green and gold of Ireland should also have a place, where, as if to humiliate her still further by contrasts, the national flags of some rather insignificant peoples are displayed. Scores of Irish flags went into battle for the Union beside the stars and stripes, and were as beacons of hope and courage on many a bloodily contested field.

If there is to be an Irish Day, and an Irish Congress, at the Fair, the Irish-American people of this country should insist on the display of their flag during the proceedings, no matter what mouths the British officials may make about it. Mr. Millet's narrow objection should not count the weight of a straw in such a case. When all the world is being represented here, 15,000,000 of Irish-Americans—some of the best blood and brain and muscle of the country—should not be denied recognition, or else they should know the reason why. To answer that the American flag is good enough for all is no answer, because the rule should be made general. The Irish have just as good a right to distinctive recognition as the British, the Germans, the French, the Spanish, or any other class of people, of "previous nationality," in this country. We will never get recogtition unless we insist upon it, and, therefore, we should insist upon it. It is projected to have this Irish Day at the World's Fair sometime in the month of September, and we suggest to the bodies having the matter under advisement, that arrangements be made with lines of transportation at cheap excursion rates, so as to facilitate the attendance of Irish-American residents of this and surrounding States on that day. An enormous attendance of Irish people at the Fair, each wearing some emblem of emerald color, would be the best rebuke Irish-Americans could administer to those who would seek to slight them in the eyes of the nations. If THE CITIZEN could only get the whole Irish-American body up to its own point of practical aggressiveness, we would soon be respected by the very people who now seek to keep us in the back ground. The milk and water Irish in this country are our ruin. O'Connell, in his best days, used to say of the ungrateful English Cawtholics: "I beg pardon for having emancipated such fellows." THE CITIZEN does not apologize for trying to infuse new blood into the stagnant veins of the degenerate Irish, who curse the race at home and everywhere. It admires those of the race who uphold the old principle, and who refuse to be swallowed up for the benefit of other elements. Those Irish hearts

—— are true and tried.
As coward's fears are false and hollow;
Slaves and dastards stand aside—
Knaves and traitors, Faugh-a-ballagh!

TWO EXCELLENT IRISH-AMERICAN BOOKS.

Two of the most interesting Irish-American works that have been published of late are Mr. Michael Cavanagh's "Life of Thomas Francis Meagher," and Rev. Father Corby's "Memoirs of Chaplain Life," in which the name of the Irish patriot and American soldier occurs almost as frequently as in the first-named volume. While not entirely free from careless composition and slovenly proof-reading, Mr. Cavanagh's book is one that should have a place in the library of every Irish, and every Irish-American, home, because it is a faithful picture of the troublous days of 1848 by an eye witness of and participator in the events which it describes. In reading it, one cannot help being struck with the fatuous irresolution which marked the policy of Smith O'Brien and his immediate associates, including Meagher himself, during the arrest, conviction and transportation of John Mitchel, who, excepting Thomas Devin Reilly, was the only real revolutionist engaged in the movement. The people were willing to rise and rescue Mitchel, especially in Dublin, but Meagher was induced to use his great influence in preventing the attempt, moved thereto, as Mr. Cavanagh very strongly intimates, by others who were neither as brave nor as devoted as himself. Smith O'Brien, always slow to arrive at a conviction, honestly believed that the time was not then ripe. In this he greatly erred, and that error cost himself and his associates their liberty, and doomed Ireland—nearly always unfortunate in her chiefs—to an ignominious failure, which did more to destroy her military character among the nations than anything that had happened in her previous history. Even O'Connell's miserable stampede before the Castle proclamation in 1843, had hardly a worse effect than O'Brien's incertitude in 1848. What Ireland needed in both periods was a military chieftain, trained to the art of war, in whom the people could place confidence. As a matter of fact, there was not a man connected with either the Repeal or Young Ireland movement capable of manœuvering a brigade in the field, much less organizing an army out of a people notoriously kept ignorant of the use of arms by English policy. Smith O'Brien was a noble-hearted man, who dearly loved his country and its people, but who, according to Mr. Cavanagh's book, and indeed according to all histories of the period, was a child in the school of revolution.

Under the circumstances in which Ireland was then placed, Mitchel's idea was the correct one—to let the people rise first, and attend to the details afterward. Had the Dublin Confederate clubs, many of which were well armed, been permitted to attack the escort which conveyed Mitchel to jail in May, 1848, it is not improbable that a most formidable revolt would have resulted. The clubs might have suffered a defeat—such a defeat as the Americans suffered at Bunker Hill, which was practically a victory—but the flow of blood would have cleared the foul air of Irish politics. The people would have grown used to bloodshed; would have lost their awe of the scarlet uniform, and, infallibly, would have placed themselves on a plane of manhood that would have won the respect of their enemies as well as of their friends. In a word, they needed the heroic remedy.

Meagher committed a gross error when, in the same month, he prevented his fellow-citizens of Waterford from rescuing him, after they had closed the gates of their city, erected barricades, and had the English garrison at their mercy. He lived to regret the loss of that opportunity, and, doubtless, when, in after times, he confronted all the terrors of war, with the countenance of a hero, on the battlefields of Virginia and Maryland, he thought of the day in Waterford, when he might have reaped earlier laurels than those won at Gaines' Mill and Antietam.

In addition to his interesting biographical sketch of the General, Mr. Cavanagh has comprised in his book many of Meagher's best speeches, including that on "the Sword," delivered in Ireland, and that on "The Irish Soldier" delivered in New York, soon after his arrival in this country. Owing to accident, perhaps, the most brilliant passage of the speech delivered to the electors of Waterford is omitted. There is an unevenness in Meagher's speeches which at once strikes the mind. He needed to be thoroughly aroused before he was entirely himself, and this disposes of the assertion that he habitually *wrote out* every word he uttered. That he carefully prepared his speeches is beyond question, but that he also brilliant extemporized is equally true. In proof of this, the late P. J. Smyth, editor of the *Irishman*, and Meagher's nearest personal friend, showed us before we left Ireland, some of the famed patriot's MSS including, if we remember aright "the Sword speech" in which copious interlineations were made *after* delivery. These were shorthanded for him with the body of his address, and thus, as in the case of Grattan, we have preserved to us these priceless gems of oratory in all their native strength and beauty.

Mr. Cavanagh does not forget to mention the services of his life-long friend, Col. John O'Mahony, in the fall of 1848, and we must confess that, with the resources at his disposal, that true patriot made the best showing of anybody engaged in the abortive "rising." What we most like about the book is its gossippy turn, and the familiarity it gives us with the personal peculiarities of the men of '48. In fact, no library ought to be destitute of the volume. Mr. Cavanagh's address is No. 1159 Fourth street, N.E., Washington, D.C.

The memoirs of Father Corby, to which we gave some space in a former number of THE CITIZEN, are quietly written, and, on that account, convey a stronger picture of the chivalric courage and heroic constancy of Meagher's Brigade under fire than any mere studied laudation could convey. The officers and soldiers who composed that Brigade set an example of patriotism and steady, yet fiery, valor to the whole Army of the Potomac, and the testimony to that valor is preserved immortally in the words of Gen. Sumner, Gen. McClellan, Gen. Hancock, the Count of Paris—heir of the Houses of Bourbon and Orleans—the military correspondent of the London *Times*, and many others, not of Irish birth or lineage, or even of the Union army, who have left their impressions of the glorious conduct of the Brigade on the pages of history. We thank Father Corby for having embalmed those tributes in his invaluable book. His address is Notre Dame University, South Bend, Ind. THE CITIZEN is proud of both the authors herein reviewed.

SEXTON'S tongue-lashing of the Whigs in the house of commons—his speech will be found elsewhere in our columns—has had the good effect of bracing up old Gladstone of the flexible backbone. Ten Tory "amendments" to the Home Rule bill were rejected on Wednesday without a vote.

DR. E. M. HYLAND, of Utica, N. Y., was united in marriage to Miss Agnes Brennock, daughter of Mr. John Brennock, an old and prominent citizen of Chicago, at St. Patrick's church on Wednesday morning. The nuptial ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Maurice J. Burke, bishop of St. Joseph, Mo. A reception was given by the bride's parents at the family residence, No. 29 Macalister place.

MR. JAMES GILBERT, recently released from Portland prison, England, where he had been confined for several years for an alleged attempt to blow up London, in coercion times, arrived in New York from Liverpool on Tuesday, and was warmly welcomed by the leaders of the Irish national organizations. The gentleman looks pale, the telegram says, after his long confinement, but otherwise appears to be in good health and spirits. Mr. Gilbert will make New York his permanent home.

THE English crops are reported ruined by the long drouth, while the Irish crops are in excellent condition—except in the "truly loil" portion of Ulster. "God is good to the Irish," for a fact, in 1893.

POLICEMEN of Chicago should be prohibited by law from firing on fugitives from justice, unless the latter have broken actual physical arrest. The accidental killing of a boy named Harwig by an officer of the Maxwill Street Station was a most unfortunate occurrence. Better twenty pickpockets should escape than that one innocent person should be killed.

BRUCE JOY'S statue of old Gladstone will be unveiled at Mrs. Hart's Donegal Castle, Midway Plaisance, on Sunday. Chauncey Depew thinks he may come from New York and do the orating. The Englishman is getting most of the honors due the Irishman, but "everything goes" in these piping times. Scratch Gladstone and, under his paint, you will find Parnell. The latter made the prime minister a Home Ruler.

ROBERT E. CROWE, son of P. W. Crowe, was awarded the *Daily News* silver medal at the Skinner School, on Thursday.

MR. JOHN NEARY, distinguished in the Irish revolutionary movement of 1865-7, and one of the party who released Col. Kelly and Capt. Deasy from the clutches of the English police in the streets of Manchester, died at Belleveue Hospital, New York, on the 16th inst., and was interred in the Patriot's Plot, Calvary cemetery, Brooklyn, on Sunday.

TWO of the best Decoration Day speeches made in America this year were those of Mr. Richard McCloud, at Durango, Col., and Mr. T. B. Minihan, at Omaha, Neb. It would delight THE CITIZEN to publish both the splendid addresses alluded to, only for that tyrant of newspapers, called "want of space."

LIBELING A DEAD HERO.

Malignant Attack on the Honor of Theobald Wolfe Tone by a Writer in the "Irish Catholic" of Dublin.

A Ghoulish Attempt to Prove that the Founder of the United Irish Society Betrayed the Rev. William Jackson and Others in 1794.

Full and Complete Text of Tone's Own Statement of His Compromise With the Irish Government Published in His Life by His Son.

[*Irish Catholic, June 10.*]

Following is a portion of an article called "The Story of the United Irishmen," which appeared in the above paper on the date given:

While Marcus Beresford was keeping his father informed as to the course of his dealings with Tone, Hamilton Rowan was making the last preparations for his escape from Newgate, and accordingly on the next day Beresford was obliged to once more write to London giving such information as he had acquired on the subject. His letter is chiefly interesting because of its revealing the nature of the story which the jailor whom Rowan had bribed to allow him to visit Dominick street had invented as an explanation of his non-appearance. It ran as follows:

"May 2nd, 1794—*Dear Father:* I have just time to inform you that Hamilton Rowan has fled; it seems the jailor was in the habit of permitting him to hand his wife to her carriage every evening when she quitted his apartments; he did so last night, and did not think it convenient to return to his lodgings. He is supposed to have mounted his servant's horse and rode away; the jailor, however, must have been bribed; for, though Hamilton Rowen went off in the evening about eight or nine o'clock, he gave no information of his escape till this morning. A proclamation issued this evening, and is now at the press, stating that he stands charged with high treason and has fled, and offering a reward of £1,000 for his apprehension. Such means have been taken to obviate his escape out of the country that, unless he has already sailed, I do not think he will be able to effect it. I dread his getting to France; he might be the bearer of intelligence that would instigate the Carmognols to attempt a descent here. Yours faithfully,

"M. B."

Five days later Marcus Beresford had further news for his father. He wrote thus:

"May 7th, 1794—*Dear Father:* I wrote you from G. Hamilton's office a few lines acquainting you with H. Rowan's escape; since that time I have been employed negotiating between government and Tone; it occurred to me, if there was any strong probability of their not being able to convict him, that it would not be a bad bargain for government to get rid of him; and more especially so as the Roman Catholics are now hatching mischief, and he has already approved himself so dangerous a tool in their hands—as undoubtedly he was the person who planned and carried into effect their convention, and who contrived to unite the Presbyterians with them in the furtherance of their object; their present plan is to frame a memorial to the King, stating that those benefits which the legislature professed to extend to them at his instance have been entirely frustrated by the influence of individuals in power here; in short, it is clearly their object to keep the country in hot water until they obtain the ultimatum of their wishes. To get rid of Tone I consider an object worth attaining. As I found it impossible to get him to *appear* as a witness on the trial of Jackson, *I thought the next best thing I could do was to get from him a minute detail of all the conversation, etc., between Jackson, Rowan and him;* and that he should agree to quit this country for such a term as I should point out to him, and go either to America or the East Indies; and in case he returns before the expiration of that term, he should permit me to make use of his narrative, which is all in his own handwriting, to procure his conviction. This narrative is very curious, and I will send you a copy of it the first day I have time to make one, which may be for a day or two, as term has just begun. Government have agreed not to prosecute him upon the terms I have settled with him. *I think, however, I shall be able to get from him some further information* as to the Catholic cabal, and the objects of the United Irishmen."

Unfortunately the statement drawn up by Tone and handed to Marcus Beresford has probably been lost forever. It is true that Tone's son, in the life of his father, gives extracts from a paper which he asserts to have been a copy of the document, but none of the portions which he prints will be found to bear out the description given by Marcus Beresford of the paper which he received, and which the editor of his father's correspondence, the Right Hon. William Beresford, asserts to have "contained some important and interesting information as to the plans and intentions of the United Irishmen," and to have been "given to Mr. Marcus Beresford by Tone, on the express condition that no use should be made of it to the prejudice of any person mentioned, except for the purpose of preventing a renewal of treasonable practices on the part of those already implicated." Mr. Marcus Beresford adhered rigidly to his promise, and kept the document strictly, to the day of his death in 1797, under lock and key, when his widow found it in his desk. Being aware of the value of the paper, and of the way it came into that keeping, she preserved it with the same scrupulous care and secrecy till she left Ireland, soon after the rebellion, when, considering it to be too important a document to be left to a woman's custody, she delivered it to Lord Clare, whose position as Lord Chancellor, and whose affectionate regard for her late husband, pointed him out to her as the most fitting person to whom she could commit it. Lord Clare made use of certain parts of the information contained in it, but without committing anyone concerned, in a speech delivered by him in the house of lords soon after the Union. It is probable, however, that he destroyed the original previous to his death in 1802; for the present Lord Clare, having received the statement here detailed from the editor, was kind enough to make search for "the narrative" among his late father's papers, but could find no trace of it.

Henry Gratton's son, in his life of his father, writing about the arrest of Jackson and his trial a year later, in April, 1795, says that "the only document that proved anything against the Irish was the statement of the situation and disposition of the people, which was produced at the trial of Mr. Jackson, and which might have been written by any individual without a wicked intent, nor in which there was little matter of a treasonable nature, though certainly there were very strong expressions of a high sense of injury and great imprudence of phrase. * * * * It was on the discovery of the document in question that Mr. Hamilton Rowan thought proper to fly more from fear than guilt. Mr. Tone remained, confessed he had written the document, and, being supported by the friendship and interest of Mr. Marcus Beresford, a relation of Lord Clare's, and by Mr. George Knox, he effected an arrangement with the government, and remained in the country until Lord Camden's arrival, when, in June, 1795, he went to America." Now, nothing can be more absurd or more injurious to the interests alike of truth and of sound political common sense than this kind of writing. Tone and Rowan had unquestionably been long engaged in treasonably conspiracy against the existing constitution of the nation. Neither of them, to do them simple justice, made any secret of their actions or designs. That they were anxious to bring about a French invasion, and to promulgate French ideas among the Irish people, is equally incontestable, and, therefore, to write in the tone adopted by Henry Gratton, junior, is something worse than ridiculous. It would have been far more honest to have bluntly set out the simple facts that Rowan escaped trial because he absconded, and Tone because he gave the government the information they needed. This, however, would not have suited the course of argument which the son of the great patriot desired to pursue, and which became needful in maintenance of his filial policy of endeavoring to show that his father was always right. What could not be maintained with success in the case of any other politician could not be maintained in the case of Henry Grattan. It is interesting to find his son assailing those with whom he was in political conflict in the following words:

"The conduct of the government on this occasion was singular and deserving of condemnation. They should not have declared Mr. Rowan a traitor if they let Mr. Tone pass unpunished, for his offense was the greater of the two; but then Mr. Tone was secretary to the Catholics, and was still connected with that body to which the leading men in the government were hostile, and whose reputation, as already stated, they had sought to blemish. * * * They did not think Mr. Tone's conduct such as to disentitle him from acting for the Catholics, though they knew he was much more implicated than the man whom they accused of treason, and proclaimed, whereas if they had intended to act the part of a sincere and honest government, they would have cut off all communication with such a man and the Catholic body; but the fact was, they had ulterior objects, and wished the Catholics to dip in sedition."

The man why wrote these words must surely have forgotten that it was the coming of Lord Fitzwilliam to Ireland which alone deferred the expulsion of Tone; that as soon as he retired from the viceroyalty the latter was compelled to carry out his promise and proceed to America, and that nothing tended so powerfully to confuse the cause of Irish legislative independence and religious freedom with that of anarchy and revolution that the absence of resolute determination on the part of both that nobleman and of Grattan in dealing with a movement which no constitutional government could or should tolerate.

ANSWERED FROM THE GRAVE.

Subjoined is the full and complete text of Tone's own account of his compromise with the Irish government, as given in the "Life of Wolfe Tone," by his son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone, an officer in the army of the Emperor Napoleon I, vol. I, pages 111 to 121, published at Washington, D. C., by Gales & Seaton, 1826:

At length, in the month of April, 1794, William Jackson was arrested on a charge of high treason. This gentleman was sent by the French government to sound the people of Ireland as to their willingness to join the French, and had received his instructions from one Madgett, an old Irishman, long settled in France, in the office of the department of foreign affairs, and whose name is repeatedly mentioned in my father's journals. The sincerity of Jackson was fully demonstrated by his heroic death, but his imprudence and indiscretion rendered him totally unfit for such a mission. On his passage through England, he opened himself to an English attorney, Cockayne, an old acquaintance of his, who instantly sold his information to the British government, and was ordered by the police to follow him as an official spy. The leaders of the patriotic party and Catholics in Ireland, desirous as they were to open a communication with France, were unwilling to compromise themselves with a stranger, by answering directly to his overtures. My father undertook to run the risk, and even engaged himself to bear their answer to that country, and deliver to its government a statement of the wants and situation of Ireland. But, after some communications with Jackson, he was deeply disgusted by the rash and unlimited confidence which that unfortunate man seemed to repose in Cockayne. He made it a point never to open himself in his presence, and insisted on it with Jackson. "This business," said he, "is one thing for us Irishmen; but an Englishman who engages in it must

be a traitor one way or the other." At length, on a glaring instance of Jackson's indiscretion, he withdrew his offers, taking care that it should be in the presence of Cockayne, who could testify nothing further against him, and declined engaging any longer in the business. Jackson was shortly after arrested.

This was an awful period. Although Cockayne could only give positive evidence against Jackson, the latter might undoubtedly have saved his life by giving information. The most violent suspicions were directed against my father, as being privy at least to those plots, if not engaged in them. Every night he expected to be arrested for examination before the secret committee. Several of the patriotic and Catholic leaders, most from attachment to him, some for fear of being compromised by his arrest, urged him to abscond, and many of those highly respectable and beloved friends, whom, notwithstanding the difference of their political opinions, his amiable character and social qualities had secured to him among the aristocracy and higher classes, joined in the same request, and pressed upon him the means necessary for that purpose. He constantly refused them. The great body of the Catholics behaved, on this occasion, with firmness and dignity, and showed a proper sense of gratitude for his former services. Several of the Whig leaders (among whom I am sorry to include the honorable name of Grattan), whose party he had mortally offended by refusing to engage in their service as a pamphleteer, advised them to abandon him to his fate, and told them, "How could their parliamentary friends support them whilst they retained in their service a man so obnoxious and so deeply compromised?" They rejected all such overtures. I must, however, observe that, though my father had put himself forward in their cause, on this occasion, most of their leaders were as deeply engaged as himself, and could neither in honor, in justice, nor in prudence, act otherwise—a circumstance of which Grattan was probably not aware.

During all this time he refused, much against the advice of his friends, to conceal himself; but remained, generally, at his home in the country, compiling his history of Ireland, and making occasional visits to Dublin, where he continued to act as secretary to the Catholic sub-committee. At length, by the most pressing instances with the government, his aristocratical friends succeeded in concluding an agreement, by which, on his engaging simply to leave Ireland, as soon as he could settle his private affairs, no pursuits were to be made against him. I cannot think that the most furious partisans of that government could blame those generous and disinterested efforts (for these friends were opposed to him in politics), or that their names can suffer in the slightest degree by the publication of these facts. One of them, the Hon. Marcus Beresford, the amiable and accomplished, is now no more; the other, the honorable and high minded George Knox, will, I am sure, see with pleasure this homage to his virtues, by his own god-son, and the only surviving child of his departed friend.

As this compromise (for these true friends would never have proposed any other) engaged him to nothing contrary to his principles, and left his future course free, he accepted it; giving in to them a fair and exact statement of how far and how deep he had been personally engaged in this business; and adding, that he was ready to bear the consequences of whatever he had done, but would, on no account, charge, compromise, or appear against anyone else.

Of this transaction, he drew, before his departure from Ireland, the following full and manly narrative, which we insert entire, as well as the statement abovementioned. The only fact which, in these papers, he passes over in silence, from obvious and generous reasons, is, that any others were privy to these communications with Jackson. He assumes them as the sole act of his own will. A copy of the notice on the situation of Ireland, which he had given in to Jackson, and which fell in the hands of the government, will also be found in the appendix.

STATEMENT OF MR. TONE'S COMPROMISE WITH THE IRISH GOVERNMENT.

"DUBLIN, May 3, 1794.—Having seen in a newspaper report of the trial of the Rev. William Jackson, the testimony of Mr. Keane, in which he mentions that he understands I have compromised with the government, I think it a duty incumbent upon me, feeling as I do that the expression carries a very invidious import, to state what the nature of that compromise is. At the time of Mr. Jackson's arrest, and Mr. Rowan's escape, and Dr. Reynolds' emigration, my situation was a very critical one. I felt the necessity of taking immediate and decided measures to extricate myself. I therefore, went to a gentleman, high in confidence with the then administration, and told him at once fairly, every step I had taken. I told, him, also, that I knew how far I was in danger; that my life was safe, unless it were unfairly practiced against, which I did not at all apprehend, but that it was certainly in the power of the government, if they pleased, to ruin me as effectually as they possibly could by my death; that, on two points, I had made up my mind; the first was, that I would not fly; the other, that I would never open my lips, as a witness, either against Mr. Rowan, to whom I felt myself bound by the strongest ties of esteem and regard; or against Mr. Jackson, who, in whatever conversations he had held in my presence, must have supposed he was speaking to a man who would not betray him: that I had no claim whatsoever on the government, nor should I murmur at any course they might please to adopt. What I had done, I had done, and, if necessary, I must pay the penalty; but, as my ruin might not be an object to them, I was ready, if I were allowed, and could at all accomplish it, to go to America. In the meantime, here I was, ready to submit to my fate, whatever that might be, but inflexibly determined on the two points which I have mentioned above, and from which I would sacrifice my life a thousand times, rather than recede. The gentleman to whom I addressed myself, after a short time, assured me that I should not be attacked as a principal, nor summoned as a witness; which assurance he repeated to me afterwards on another occasion, and has been very faithfully kept. This assurance was given me, unclogged by any stipulation or condition whatsoever; and I have ever since, to the best of my judgment, observed a strict neutrality. Whether this, which is the whole of the communication between government and me, be a *compromise* or not, I hope, at least, it is no dishonorable one. I have betrayed no friend; I have revealed no secret; I have abused no confidence. For what I had done, I was ready to suffer; I would, if necessary, submit, I hope, to death, but I would not to what I consider disgrace. As to that part of my conduct which was introductory to this unfortunate business, I leave it, without anxiety, to the censure of all inclined to condemn it.

STATEMENT OF MR. TONE'S COMMUNICATIONS WITH JACKSON.

"Some days previous to the Drogheda assizes, I was informed by A. —— that there was a gentleman in town, who was very recently arrived from France, and who, he suspected was in the confidence of the *Comite de Salut public*. I was very desirous to see him, in order to hear some account of the state of France, which might be depended on. A. —— accordingly wrote a note, which he gave me to deliver, stating that he could not have the pleasure of seeing the gentleman next day, being Sunday, but would be glad he would call any other time; and, I believe, added, that the bearer was his particular friend. *I did not then, nor since, ask A. —— how he became acquainted with the gentleman, nor do I yet know who introduced him.* I went with this note, and saw the gentleman and another person* at the hotel, where they lodged. I stayed about half an hour, and the conversation was on mere general politics, or the want of accommodation for travelers in Ireland; the superiority of England in that respect, etc. On my rising to depart, the gentleman asked me to dine with him on Wednesday subsequent, which I accordingly agreed to do. On the Monday after, as I recollect, I paid a visit to A. ——, which I was in the habit of doing, daily, for some time back; and, while I was there, the gentleman above mentioned and his friend came in together; and, after some time, he and A. —— entered into close conversation, and his friend and I retired to a distant part of the room, where we talked of the mode of traveling in Ireland, and amused ourselves looking over Taylor's map, for about half an hour. Neither of us heard, nor could hear, the conversation between A. —— and the gentleman. A. ——, at length, beckoned me over, and I went. He then said, they had been talking of the state of the country; that I knew what that state was as well as anybody; and that it was that gentleman's opinion, that if it were made fully known to people in France, they would, to a certainty, afford every assistance to enable the Irish to assert their independence. I said, that it would be a most severe and grievous remedy for our abuses, but that I saw no other; for, that liberty was shackled in Ireland by such a variety of ways, that the people had no way left to expose their sentiments but by open resistance. That, in the alternative between that and unconditional submission, many would differ; but that I was one of those who, seeing all the danger and horror of a contest, still thought the independence of the country an object worth risking all to obtain; satisfied as I was, that, until that were secured, Ireland would never attain to her natural state of power, and opulence, and glory. In those sentiments A. —— concurred, and the gentleman, as I recollect, again said, "If this were known in France, assistance might certainly be obtained." The conversation, at that time, went no farther. I had a latent suspicion he might possibly be an emissary of the British minister, and, therefore, to mortify him, if that were the case, I spoke with the greatest asperity of the English nation, and of their unjust influence on the government of Ireland. His friend sat at a distance during this conversation, and I am sure could have heard no part of it, neither did I inquire, nor do I know, what conversation A. —— and the gentleman had previous to their beckoning me over; and the reason I did not inquire, was, that, knowing how the affair might terminate, and, especially not knowing but this person might be an English spy, I determined I would know as little of other people's secrets as I could, consistent with my taking any part in the business.

"The next day, I think, I saw A. —— again. He showed me a paper, admirably drawn up, in my judgment, which he said he had got from the gentleman above mentioned. The paper went to show the political state of England, and the deduction was, that an invasion there would only tend to unite all parties against the French. I said that the state of Ireland was totally different, and that it would be easy, in the same compass, to explain that on paper. He bid me try, and I agreed to do so. I do not recollect that we had any further conversation at that time. I went home, and that evening made a sketch of the state of Ireland, as it appeared to me, and the inference of my paper was, that circumstances in Ireland were favorable to a French invasion. I made no copy.

"On Wednesday morning, the day I had fixed to dine with the gentleman and his friend, I found myself called upon to go down to Drogheda immediately, to arrange matters preparatory to the trial of MM. Bird and Hamill, etc. I therefore wrote, and sent an apology, stating the fact. I then went, as usual, to call on Mr. A. ——, and showed him the paper. Shortly after, the gentleman and his friend came in. After a short general conversation of regret at the disappointment, etc., A. ——, the gentleman, and I, retired to a window at one end of the room, and his friend took up a book and retired to the other end. The conversation between us was carried on in a very low voice, so that he could not possibly hear us. I then said, I had seen the English paper, and had attempted a similar sketch as to Ireland, which I read. As I understand some copy of that paper has been found, I refer to that for the general outline, only, as A. —— assured me that several alterations had been made in it, some, I believe, softening, and others aggravating the matter contained. When I had done, the gentleman asked me, 'Would I intrust the paper to him?' I gave it without hesitation, but, immediately after, I saw I had been guilty of a gross indiscretion, to call it no worse, in delivering such a paper to a person whom I hardly knew, and without my knowing to what purpose he might apply it. I, therefore, in about five minutes, demanded it back again; he returned it immediately, having neither opened nor read it, nor any part of it. I then gave it to A. ——, and, I believe, the precise words I used, but certainly the purport of them, was, 'that if he had a mind, he might make a copy, in which case I desired him to burn the one I gave him." The conversation then turned, as before, on the state of Ireland, the necessity of seeking aid from France, and her readiness and ability to afford it, if a proper person could be found who would go over, and lay the situation of things here before the Comite de Salut Public. But I do not recollect that either A. ——, the gentleman, or I, came to the definite point of myself being that proper person. I went away, leaving the paper, as I said, in the hands of A. ——, and set off directly for Drogheda. On Saturday morning, I received a letter from A.——, (a circumstance which I had forgotten until my sitting down to write, and referring to dates for greater accuracy, revived it in my memory), expressing an earnest desire to see me immediately on indispensable business. In consequence, I set off instantly, posted up to town, and called directly on A.——. He told me that the gentleman was in a great hurry to be off, and wanted to see me of all things. I could not, however, learn that any new matter had occurred, and therefore was a little vexed at being hurried up to town for nothing. I said, however, I could call on the gentleman next morning (Sunday) at 9, which I was, however, determined not to do, and, in consequence, instead of calling on him, set off for Drogheda at 6 o'clock. On Thursday I returned to town, and received a rebuke from A.—— for breaking my engagement. He then told me, to my unspeakable astosishment and vexation, that he had given two or three copies of the paper I had left with him, to the gentleman, with several alterations, but that he had burned my copy, as I desired him. Finding the thing done, and past recalling, I determined to find no fault, but to withdraw myself as soon as I could from a business wherein I saw such grievous indiscretion. I am not sure whether it was on that, or on the next morning, that the gentleman and his friend came in. But, after some time, the conversation was taken up on the usual topics, and, for the first time, to my knowledge, the gentleman's friend made one. Before that, he seemed to me to avoid it. I then took an opportunity, on the difficulty of a proper person being found to go to France being stated, and it being mentioned (I cannot precisely recollect by whom of the party), that no one was, in all respects, so fit as myself, to recapitulate pretty nearly what I had said in all the preceding conversations on the general state of the country; and I then added, that, with regard to my going to France, I was a man of no fortune, that my sole dependence was on a profession; that I had a wife and three children, whom I dearly loved, solely depending on me for support: that I could not go and leave them totally unprovided for; and trusting to the mercy of Providence for existence; and that, consequently, with regard to me, the going to France was a thing totally impossible. They all agreed that what I said was reasonable, but there was no offer of money or pecuniary assistance of any kind held out to induce me to change my determination; a circumstance which I mention merely because I understand it is believed that some such was made.

"The gentleman before mentioned was about to point out certain circumstances, which would facilitate such an expedition, if a person could be found, but I stopped him, adding that, as I could make no use of the information, I did not desire to become the depository of secrets useless to me, and which might be dangerous to him. I think it was at this conversation, the last I was at, previous to the gentleman's being arrested, that some one, I cannot at all ascertain whom, mentioned a letter being put into the postoffice, containing the papers before mentioned, and directed to some person at some neutral port, but I am utterly ignorant how, or when, or to whom, the letter was addressed, or what were its contents, other than as I have now stated; and the reason of my not knowing, is, that I studiously avoided burthening my mind with secrets, which I might afterwards be forced to betray, or submit to very severe inconveniences. What happened after the gentleman's being arrested, I know not, other than by common report, having only seen him for about two minutes in A.——'s apartment, on the night of his committal, when all the conversation I recollect, was, that I declared, and so did A.——, that, if we were brought before the privy council, we would each of us declare the truth as nearly as we could, consistent with our personal safety; for that all attempts at fabrication would only add infamy to peril, and that we must now take our chance.

"I have now stated, as well as my memory enables me, all the material facts which came to my knowledge, or in which I took any share. I find I was present at three conversations, instead of two, as I at first thought, but that makes no difference of consequence. I cannot answer for the precise accuracy of dates, but I believe they are exact.

"I have framed the foregoing narrative, relying implicitly on the honor of the gentleman to whom I willingly confide it, that no use whatever shall be made of it against any one of the parties concerned, in any judicial transaction; I give it for political purposes only.

"With regard to myself, the part I have taken appears on the face of the narrative. Whatever may be the consequence, I shall make no attempt to withdraw myself or avoid the fate, what ever that may be, which awaits me. I have but one thing to add, that there is no circumstance which can befall me, not even excepting an ignominious death, that I will not rather undergo, that appear as an evidence in a court of justice, to give testimony against any one of the parties concerned. THEOBALD WOLFE TONE."

When my father delivered this paper, the prevalent opinion, which he then shared, was, that Jackson was a secret emissary employed by the British government. It required the unfortunate man's voluntary death to clear his character of such a foul imputation. What renders this transaction the more odious, is, that, before his arrival in Ireland, the life of Jackson was completely in the power of the British government. His evil genius was already pinned upon him: his mission from France, his every thought and his views, were known. He was allowed to proceed, not in order to detect an existing conspiracy in Ireland, but to form one, and thus increase the number of victims. A more atrocious instance of perfidious and gratuitous cruelty is scarcely found in the history of any country but Ireland.

Soon afterwards, the efforts of his friends, and the generous interference of Arthur Wolfe, afterwars Lord Kilwarden, and the attorney general, effected the compromise above mentioned. I am aware many persons may think my father did not show sufficient gratitude to the Irish government, in whose power he certainly was, to a very dangerous degree. To this I can only reply that he considered his duty to his country paramount to any personal feeling or consideration: that their tyranny grew more and more atrocious every day, and that, even in that extreme peril, he constantly refused to tie his hands by any engagement for the future. He would, however, have accepted the offer which they made at first to send him to the East Indies, out of reach of European politics; perhaps they feared him even there, when they altered their minds. But confiding in the prostrate state of Ireland, they finally allowed him to withdraw his head like the crane in Æsop's fable, from the jaws of the wolf, and depart free and disengaged to his voluntary exile.

The state of affairs did not, however, allow him to proceed on his journey for several months. During all that time, Jackson's trial was still pending, and he was frequently threatened by the more violent members of the government that he should be compelled to appear and be examined as a witness—a menace which he constantly spurned at. A whole year from the arrest of Jackson in April, 1794, to his trial and death in April, 1795, was spent in this anxious suspense.

* Note by the author—Cockayne.

MRS. CURLEY'S HOME.

The home recently purchased by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Chicago for Mrs. Daniel Curley will be formally presented to her on Sunday, June 25th, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It is earnestly requested that all members of the A. O. H. in Cook county, as well as others who have taken an interest in this noble and patriotic work, will be present on this memorable and happy occasion. The procession will form at the corner of Wallace and Thirty-seventh streets, at 3 o'clock sharp, and march in a body, accompanied by Father O'Sullivan's Cadet Band, to the street fronting the homestead at 3721 Emerald avenue. The meeting will take place in the open air, and will be addressed by the following eloquent and distinguished gentlemen: John F. Finerty, Hon. Mathew P. Brady, Father O'Sullivan, John F. Keating and others. Every Irishman in the city of Chicago worthy of the name should consider it a duty to be present next Sunday to witness this grand and happy event in honor of the widow of one of Ireland's purest and noblest martyrs—Daniel Curley.

All A. O. H. men are expected to appear in full regalia, in order to properly celebrate the pleasant termination of their glorious and benevolent work, as well as to add honor and dignity to their ancient and illustrious organization.

P. B. FLANAGAN,
L. HENELY,
P. O'SULLIVAN.
Executive Committee.

"Brace up" is a tantalizing admonition to those who feel all tired out, without appetite and discouraged. But the way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the tired frame and gives a good appetite, is wonderful.

Best family cathartic, Hood's Pills.

BEWARE OF P. J. FLYNN.

The public, and especially newspaper publishers, are hereby warned against one Patrick J. Flynn, who resides, or recently resided, at South Halsted street and 37th court. He is in the habit of collecting money for newspapers, and retaining it for his own use. Also he has had several bad checks cashed, and the victims have been to this office making inquiries about the fellow. Flynn has no connection whatever with this paper. He is, perhaps, forty-five years of age; about six feet in stature; has bluish eyes, a blonde, full beard, and has a habit of talking to people with his hands in his pockets and his head bent forward. As evening approaches he generally gets drunk, and can be easily recognized by these presents. He is an impudent, unscrupulous fraud, and should have no quarter from any respectable person.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

T. Shea, Tailor.
374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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DR. PRICE'S BAKING POWDER.

Dime cans Price's Baking Powder,	per can. 6 cents,	per doz cans.	60 cents
½-lb cans Price's Baking Powder,	per can. 7 cents,	per doz cans,	80 cents.
6-oz cans Price's Baking Powder,	per can. 10 cents,	per doz cans,	$1.20
8-oz cans Price's Baking Powder,	per can. 14 cents,	per doz cans,	$1.65
12-oz cans Price's Baking Powder,	per can. 25 cents,	per doz cans,	$2.69
1-lb cans Price's Baking Powder,	per can. 29 cents,	per doz cans,	$3.40

SOAP.

40 bars Cincinnati Laundry Soap for (This Soap is two years old and hard and dry.)	$1.00
33 bars German Family Soap for	$1.00
25 bars Eagle Standard Soap for	$1.00
17 large bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	$1.00
2-lb cans Table Blackberries	5 cents
3-lb cans California Egg Plums	10 cents
3-lb cans Baltimore Table Peaches	10 cents
3-gallon pails Fine Table Sirup	59 cents
20-lb pails Pure Fruit Jelly	49 cents
Cooking Sugar, per lb	2½ cents
A 6-lb box Laundry Starch for	19 cents
A half-gallon bottle Best Laundry Blue	20 cents
A 14-foot Mexican Hammock for	49 cents
Southwell's Calves Feet Jelly, per jar	6 cents
Full measure Vanilla Extract	4 cents
½-lb packages Pure Ground Cloves, Pepper, Sage, Allspice, Ginger, Cinnamon or Cayenne Pepper, each	3 cents
2-lb cans Ohio Sugar Corn	8 cents
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	7 cents
2-lb cans Sliced Pineapples	5 cents
3-lb cans California Table Apricots	12½ cents
3-lb cans California Table Pears	14 cents
Sweet Chocolate, per cake	3 cents
H. Franck & Sohne's Red Roll Chicory, per lb	2½ cents

OLD FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour - $4.39

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	49 cts
50-lb Bags, each	99 cts
98-lb Bags, each	$1.98
Finest St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl	$3.49
Best Bohemian Rye Flour, per brl	$3.49

H. R. EAGLE & CO. 196 BEST MINNESOTA PATENT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Large Wood Pails, each	7 cents
Painted Wood Keelers, each	3 cents
Painted Small Wood Pails, each	3 cents
4-gallon Dash Churns, each	9 cents
Lawn Grass Seed, large package	10 cents
Schepp's New York Cocoanut, per lb	13 cents

NO SUMMER OUTFIT COMPLETE WITHOUT THEM.

Men's Fine Russia Calf Bluchers—Colors Tan and Brown. State-st. dealers ask $3.50 to $5.00 for same Shoe.	$2.25
Men's Tan-Colored Goat Oxfords, a Dressy, light shoe for tender feet	$1.50
Ladies' Best quality Tan and Black Oxfords	$1.25
Misses' Tan-Colored Oxfords	69 cts
Children's Tan-Colored Oxfords	59 cts

MASON'S FRUIT JARS.

Pints	4 cents
Quarts	6 cents
Half-Gallons	7 cents
Extra Covers, per doz	19 cents
Extra Rubbers, per doz	7 cents

SOAP.

	Per Bar.	Box.
Fairbank's Eagle Standard, 60 bars, 60 lbs	4	$2.39
Fairbank's Best Family, 60 bars, 60 lbs	5½	3.15
Fairbank's German Mottled, 72 bars, 60 lbs	4	2.88
Fairbank's Santa Claus, 100 bars in box	4	4.00
Babbitt's "Best" Soap, 100 bars in box	4½	4.50
Werk's German Mottled, 72 bars 60 lbs in box	4	2.88
Kirk's American Family	6½	3.94
German Family, 72 bars, 60 lbs	3	2.15
Morgan's Sapolio, per cake	6 cents	
Pyle's Pearline, per pkg	4 cents	
4 Packages of Tacks	5 cents	
Good Stout Tack Hammer	4 cents	
Painted Water Pails, each	7 cents	
Mop Sticks and Holders	5 cents	
A 6-foot Step-Ladder	39 cents	
Armour's White Glue, per lb	18 cents	
Ladies' Pocket-Knives	9 cents	
Assortment of Pocket-Knives	25 cents	

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PORCELAIN LINED PRESERVING KETTLES.

	Price.
2-quart	15 cents
3-quart	17 cents
4-quart	20 cents
5-quart	25 cents
6-quart	33 cents
8-quart	40 cents
Bread Boxes, Jaranned	39 cents

CIGARS.

	Per box.	1,000
The Lily, Pennsylvania Cigars, 50 in box	.45	$8.35
Small Profits, that's our look-out, 50 in box	.49	9.75
Mui Honrado, a Mexican cigar, 50 in box	.65	12.50
Flori de Cuba, 50 in box	.59	11.00
Porto Rico, 50 in box	.90	17.00
La Favorita, 50 in box	.90	17.00
La Pepa de Cuba, 50 in box	.90	17.00
Royal Turk, from the World's Fair, 50 in box	1.25	23.00
Bon Ton, a good Key West, 50 in box	1.90	35.00
Manuel Garcia, Key West, 50 in box	1.90	37.00
Dorina Key West Especiales, 50 in box	2.00	37.00
Bride of Key West Concha Especiales, 50 in box	1.75	35.00
Peerless, 50 in box	.60	11.90
Our Eagle, 100 in box	2.75	26.00
La Caroline, a good 10-center, 50 in box	2.25	....
La Flora de Rosedale, 3 for 25c, 50 in box	2.35	....
La Rosa de Sandeago, 50 in box	.75	13.00
Gun Club, 25 in box	.45	16.00
La Perfecta, union label, 50 in box	1.00	19.00
Cue Kuck Cigars, 100 in box	1.00	9.90
Old Stock Cheroots, 100 in box	.75	6.90
Banty Cigarettes, per 1,000		2.00
Old Judge Cigarettes, per 1,000		2.90
Plow Boy, Navy, Sweet Tip Top or Yum Yum, per lb		.29

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FORMERLY WITH WILSON & SULLIVAN.

THE JESTER WAILS.

The cap and bells, alack! they're mine to wear;
One nods, the others jingle everywhere;
And what is worse—with shame my pulses tingle—
My hearers nod, I fear, the more I jingle.
Sad is my lot in this most sovereign nation,
To be court jester thus to all creation,
The butt of shallow fools, the wise man's scorn,
By mirth accursed ere to existence born!

Do I propose—what jester e'er had money?—
My empty suit's a joke. She says, "How funny!"
And laughs—which to evoke were vain
Were I to grind out squibs for sordid gain.
Thus is my hand, like most my stuff, rejected,
While I must smile, how e'er the smile's affected.
'Tis ever thus! I'm hungry—hapless sinner—
I now must crack a joke or lack for dinner!

Men seek advice; unasked I proffer it;
A sneering smile; I wisdom lack, as wit.
Another gives a cad a needed stripe;
He gets the money, and I get—the swipe!
Thus friends and fortune frown, while I remain
With ghastly grins to bear the mocking pain.
I'd shoot myself and write my own obit,
But no, some fiend would say, "Egad, his only hit!"

—Roe L. Hendrick in Brooklyn Life.

LOWRY'S WIDOW.

It was certainly very unfortunate for Lowry that he should have died at that particular time. Had the unwelcome event occurred a month before it would not have mattered so much, but now, just as he had struck it rich and had written east for his wife to come on and share his good fortune, it was, to say the least very exasperating. But he was dead beyond a doubt and likewise variously scattered, the result of too close intimacy with a premature blast.

The miners gathered up his visible remains and buried them with due solemnity. Then they waited for the advent of the widow, but not without much misgiving. How would they meet her? And who of their number would assume the delicate and embarrassing task of informing her that she was a widow?

They talked it all over that night in front of Pete Simpson's bar.

"Fac' is, fellers," said One Eyed Jerry, the autocrat of the camp, as he turned his solitary optic on the crowd, "fac' is it's a tough job, but it's got to be done, an I'll do it if it takes a leg. Leave it to me, fellers, an I'll let 'er down as soothin as possible." And with a deep feeling of relief that found expression in another round of red liquor the miners left it to Jerry.

In due course of time a letter addressed to James Lowry in a shaky, feminine hand and postmarked Harrisburg arrived in camp and was opened by Lowry's self appointed executors. It was from Mrs. Lowry, and from it they learned that she would not arrive for several weeks.

One day about six weeks after the reception of this letter as the stage rattled up to the single so called hotel of the little Tuolumne mining camp the loungers on the porch caught the glimpse of a dress inside. At once all was excitement.

"She's come!" they all exclaimed. "Where's Jerry?"

Jerry, who was seated at a table in the barroom, reluctantly laid down a "pat hand" and reached the outside in time to assist the lady from the stage, awkwardly lifting his hat as he did so.

"Mrs. Lowry, I reckon," said Jerry as she alighted.

The lady threw back the veil from her face, smiled and answered:

"Yes. Where's my husband?"

The crowd that had gathered inquisitively, but respectfully, about the stage fell back astounded, not at the question, but at the woman who asked it. Lowry was 50 years old, if a day, at the time he was so unceremoniously fired out of existence. He had never spoken much about his wife, whom he had left in the east fully 10 years before, yet from familiarity with Jim's age, his homely face and still more homely ways the miners had formed the impression that his wife must be a woman of 40 or 45 and equally angular and unimpressive in appearance. But here she was before them, a woman of possibly 30, plump and shapely, with a face that was simply bewitching. She was absolutely handsome, and there was an expression in her eye and mouth that seemed to indicate that she knew it.

The smile disappeared, and she looked at Jerry somewhat anxiously. "Why isn't Mr. Lowry here to meet me?" she asked.

There was a painful pause. The miners looked at Jerry, and Jerry looked at his boots.

"Fac' is, ma'am," he finally said as he slowly twirled his greasy hat with one hand, "fac' is, Jim's—a-ailin. Bin workin like—like blazes, you know, gettin ready for you, an—an—sorter down with a fever or somethin. Fac' is, he's—but say! You must be tired an hungry. There's a room for you in this here hotel, an I'll take you over to see Jim later."

With apparent reluctance Mrs. Lowry followed the hotel proprietor to the room that had been fitted up for her weeks before and sacredly kept unoccupied ever since, while the crowd, with exclamations of astonishment and delight, pressed forward to the bar.

"Fellers," said Jerry, with the air of one who had just discovered a rich "pocket" of the yellow metal, "fellers, here's to the widder!"

An hour later Mrs. Lowry accompanied Jerry to Jim's cabin, and on the way up the trail he broke to her the sad news of her husband's death. But in what way he imparted the melancholy information his companions never could learn.

"Fac' is, fellers," he had said in reply to their questions, "it makes me creepy to think about it, she took on that terrible, but I let 'er down easy as posserble. Thought she faint sure, 'special' when I showed her where Jim was chucked. Her carryin on was mighty depressin, I'm tellin you. Let's liquor."

The next morning the widow, who had sat down at the supper table the evening of her arrival in a gown of soft toned gray that at once took all the boarders captive, surprised every one by appearing arrayed in a somber robe of mourning. Her face was pale and sorrowful, and there was a sadness in her voice that excited the deep sympathy of all who saw her.

All but one—Bradford, the "gentleman gambler," whose dark eyes and long black mustache had dawned upon the camp a few months before, wore a scowl as he got up from the late breakfast table. He had eaten slowly, if indeed he had eaten anything at all. The miners had breakfasted long before. Only a few business men, gamblers and idlers were at the table, and one by one they finished their meal and departed, until only he and the widow remained.

As he passed her chair on his way out he stooped and hurriedly whispered: "Fool, what are you playing with that dress on? Were you supposed to know that you were a widow when you started? And if not, how the devil do you expect to account for that dress between last night and this morning?" Then, with a suppressed oath, he strode angrily out from the room.

The widow looked frightened. She hastily arose and went to her room.

The landlord out on the porch was talking to Jerry and dubiously shaking his head. "Now, where in blixen did she git them duds?" he said in a manner that impressed Jerry most painfully.

The latter slowly worked his jaws, expectorating in gloomy silence. At last: "Fac' is," he replied, "these here women is 'stonishin. Me an you don't know no more 'bout 'em than they do of tun'ls, drif's and winzes. I reckon that big trunk of hern was full of clo'es, an she come pervided fer ever' contigency. Of course, she couldn't 'a' knowed as how Lowry had flunked till I told 'er, an she did carry on amazin, I tell you."

That mourning costume was the seed from which sprang curiosity, doubt and finally suspicion. Mrs. Lowry took possession of the little cabin in which her husband had lived, and there she slept and did her own cooking. She seldom showed herself except to attend to business in connection with the sale of the mine, a transaction which she showed a feverish anxiety to close. But she was at all times gracious and pleasant to the men, and half the camp were madly in love with her. Independently of the mine, which was worth a cool $100,000 if a cent, and which Lowry had fortunately located in her name, she could have married any one of the magnates of the camp offhand within two days after her arrival, if she had been so disposed.

Jerry, whom she selected as her right hand man, was alternately exultant and depressed. He became her slave and would have jumped down the deepest shaft on the mountainside if she had asked him to, and yet he was much of the time troubled and perplexed. Gradually he became imbued with the idea that he had seen Mrs. Lowry before, but where or when he vainly cudgeled his brain to remember. And so he went about, doing her bidding, feeling amply rewarded by the smiles she showered upon him, her light, jesting talk, of which he only was the recipient, and her friendly, familiar ways, that were kept for him alone. But with his companions he had become moody, taciturn, even irritable. He drank his whisky in silence, drank often and deeply. He neglected his claim and spent half his time knocking around Jim's cabin, choring for the widow, running errands and negotiating with Tom Carroll, the wealthiest mine owner in all that region, for Mrs. Lowry's mine.

From an offer of $50,000 Carroll finally rose to $70,000, and there he stuck.

"It's like stealin it, an you know it, durn you!" exclaimed Jerry wrathfully.

"It's all I can stand," was the bland reply. "If the widow can get more, all right. I shan't begrudge her the money." And Carroll turned away.

The widow was eager to accept the amount offered.

"An throw away $30,000!" growled Jerry. "It's a fortun' in itself. You can git what the mine's worth if you don't rush so blame' fas'. Yer got all summer before you. Ketch me lettin that swindlin Carroll get away with the mine like that! It's worse'n stage robbin."

But the widow was obdurate. She must return east; she needed money at once; she had left a dear sister almost on her deathbed; she couldn't manage the mine if she kept it, and if Carroll should change his mind she would not probably be able to sell it at all—a dozen other reasons that came promptly and plausibly from her persuasive lips.

And so, exactly one week from the day of her arrival, the bargain was concluded. The next day the papers were to be prepared and the transfer duly made, and the following day Mrs. Lowry was to start on her return trip east.

Jerry was in an ugly mood that evening, and even his most intimate companions let him severely alone. For three hours he sat at a poker game, and during all that time he did not utter a word except to sullenly name his bets, call for his cards and demand his drinks. He drank heavily and lost heavily as he drank. In the subsequent expressive language of the barkeeper. "Jerry played the rottenes' game that ever disgraced the house. He's worse than down on his luck. Since the widow come he's got to be a-blinkin, blasted ijet. He ought to swaller a few ounces of nitroglycerin an then set down hard on a rock. It might knock some sense into him."

When Jerry, his last dollar gone, arose from the gaming table, he stalked straight out into the night. The stars were shining large and luminous in that clear mountain atmosphere. The air was cool and sweet, and high up on the mountainside the tall pines were peacefully dreaming in the shadows. But the glories of the night had no attractions for Jerry. His mind dwelt solely upon the widow, and irresistibly his feet turned up the narrow trail that led to her cabin.

The fascination that Mrs. Lowry had exercised upon Jerry, and all in the short space of one week, was a thing that he could not comprehend. Her beauty, her magnetism, the scent of her clothing, the familiar and confidential tone of voice with which she invariably addressed him, all had conspired to infatuate him completely.

For the last three days he had gone about under a spell. Had he been hypnotized he could not have been more completely subject to her influence. The thought of her going away was to him something worse than death. The camp, the mine, the blue sky above him, all his surroundings, had merged themselves into that one woman, and with her exit they would melt away and leave him the center of a black and dismal void. Such was his feeling, and being by nature unintelligent and coarse it served only to madden and brutalize him. It was a short time in which to be metamorphosed from a free man into a slave, from a thoughtless, contented, hardworking, devil-may-care miner into a worrying, surly, miserable do nothing, who could see nothing in the world but one woman, and in whose mind was room for but a single thought—that he was about to lose her.

But men of intelligence, refinement and wide experience with women and the world have had their heads turned in even a shorter time and have done even crazier things than he. He no longer puzzled himself over the question of her identity. Was she in truth Lowry's widow? He did not know, but neither did he now care. Had he seen that face before? Possibly, but if he had it was now a matter of indifference to him when or where or under what circumstances. He could not let her go away, or if she went he was determined to go with her. And so he stumbled on up the trail aflame with love and liquor.

It was hours past bedtime, and there was no light in the window as Jerry made the turn in the trail that brought him almost to the cabin door. Suddenly he collided with an object. He started back with an oath, and at the same time he heard an exclamation of surprise.

A man stood before him, and in the bright starlight Jerry could see that it was Bradford, the gambler. Jerry's hand went to his pistol. "What the devil you doin here, and at this time o' night?" yelled Jerry in a voice like the explosion of a blast.

"You sneaking spy, take that!" cried Bradford, suddenly springing forward and striking him a blow in the face that sent him sprawling. But even as the blow was struck Jerry thrust his right hand upward and forward, there was a blaze of fire, and the still night became alive with the reverberating echoes of a pistol shot.

Headlong down the steep trail over Jerry's body fell Bradford, uttering a single cry—"O God!" And there he lay speechless, motionless, his face prone in the dust.

The shock of the blow and of his fall, and the report of the pistol instantly cleared away the fumes from Jerry's brain, but before he could arise he heard a shriek, the cabin door flew open, and a figure clothed in white came running down the trail, calling out in tones of terror: "John, John! Oh, what is it? John, what has happened?" And thus calling and running in a few seconds Mrs. Lowry, clothed only in her nightdress, was down the trail stopping over the two prostrate forms sobbing, moaning and crying for help.

Jerry, ashamed, half frightened, closed his eyes and lay quiet. The widow, shuddering, gave him a glance and then flung herself upon Bradford's body. And there she lay fondling his bloody face, mingling her frantic kisses with curses upon the man who shot him, until at last she fainted.

Jerry was no coward, but the unexpected meeting, with its tragical result, had unnerved him. He got up and stealthily hurried away. Besides, her words had cut him to the heart. Her curses, her scorn, her vindictive raging—these he could not stay to face.

Suddenly he stopped and abruptly flung his hand to his head. Like a flash that face and form were again before him, but in other surroundings than these.

"Great flumes!" he exclaimed as he gazed blankly up at the stars. "It's Mandie Le Brunt, the brazenest female in all Sacramento!"

The papers were not made out the next day. That morning a woman, closely veiled, climbed into the outgoing stage at a point below the camp, and that very afternooon another woman, plainly dressed, with streaks of gray in her hair and a face that indicated years of patient toil and sadness and trouble, was gently assisted from the stage at the hotel door. And it was Jerry who helped her to alight.

"Fellers," he said as in a few moments a dozen or more miners crowded up to the bar, "fellers, fac' is, women is devilish uncertain, but they can't fool us allers. Here's to the widder."—Fred L. Foster in San Francisco Examiner.

An Ex-Governor Borrows a Few Cents.

One of my excellent political friends told me the other day that John D. Long, albeit a very prosperous man, has almost a contempt for money. My friend explained that the ex-governor seldom carries any of the filthy lucre with him. "He is the greatest hand to come away from his home or his office without a cent in his pocket," said this gentleman. "Why," he continued, "I have often seen the governor obliged to borrow money enough for his luncheon or his car fare when away in Lowell or Cambridge trying cases. He seldom thinks of money and often finds himself without a cent in his pocket miles away from home."

I was speaking of this peculiarity of Governor Long's to one who knows him very well. "Oh, yes," said he, "I guess that's so. I was on my way home one evening and was waiting for my train at the depot. I saw Governor Long pacing up and down, and having a few minutes to spare went over to him. He saw me going toward him, and he approached me. 'Mr. M.,' said he, 'unless I have — cents from you (naming the fare to Hingham), I shall have to walk home.' I laughed at him and paid no attention to him, but when he repeated again I asked him if he was serious; and he told me that he had come away from his office without his pocketbook. Of course I gave him his fare, but not until I had a good laugh over the predicament in which the ex-governor found himself."—Boston Globe.

SENSE OF DIRECTION.

THE FACULTY IN ANIMALS THAT LEADS THEM BACK HOME.

What May Be Learned by Watching and Experimenting With the Pet Dog or the Household Cat—Some Striking Examples of This Remarkable Power.

It is well known that any of our domestic animals can find its way home from a distance of many miles, even after the lapse of some time. This faculty is perhaps oftenest seen in the dog, the horse and the cat, but is known to be almost or quite as fully developed in the ox. The faculty has been supposed by some naturalists to depend upon a sixth sense, independent of sight or smell. Such a theory involves an organ of sense by which the needed observations may be carried to the brain, an organ which must be distinct from eye, ear and nostril. Physiologists have not as yet found any such organ in the constitution of any animal, nor have they found any nerves different from those which belong to our own nervous system. This is almost conclusive evidence that animals possess no sense different from ours.

If we watch the conduct of a dog when he is thrown upon his own resources to find his way home, we shall see that he has made good use of his five senses up to this time, and that he purposes to make good use of them in the immediate future. It is always assumed that the dog has not slept during the time that he has been carried from home. If he were to sleep, he would lose all clew whether he had a sixth sense or not, for in sleep all the senses are equally dormant.

The case has been submitted of a dog taken by rail a distance of 200 miles in a circuitous course and set down 50 miles from home. He disappears and the next day is at his old haunts. He could not have followed the rail by which he came, for this would take him a longer time. He must have struck across country.

The question is, Did he take a direct line for home or did he shape his general course so as to come out upon some familiar spot, miles, it may be, from his home, and from that point follow remembered paths? Hunters say that the latter is most frequently the case.

Suppose that in the dog's absence the old home has been burned down and his master's family have moved five miles to the right or left, but are at the same distance from the point at which he was set down. He will go back to the old spot and from there will trace the family by scent if he traces them at all. He has no sense to inform him of the changed position of the family, nor of anything more than would be known to a man under the same circumstances.

But the case is made clearer by supposing that the dog's master has left home, gun in hand, while the dog has been detained for a time. The man goes straight to the woods, but after getting out of sight makes a turn so as to bring him to the opposite side of the house. If now the dog is let loose, he takes to the woods at the point where he saw his master enter. From there he trusts to his eyes and nose, keeping close upon his master's trail.

If the dog had a special sense of direction, he would not so easily be thrown off the pursuit of a deer or a fox by the animal taking to the water. Every species of animal that has been made the prey of dogs has learned to baffle pursuit by deceiving the sight or scent of its pursuers. Such creatures would have been likely to find out before this time if the dog had any special sense, and we should see them acting upon the knowledge.

The most interesting and perplexing cases are those in which animals that have been taken some distance from home in closed cages have yet found their way back without difficulty. This shows a highly developed sensitiveness to every change of direction.

This faculty of perception is low in man, but it may be developed and trained. There are persons who sleep best with the head toward the north. Just such a person when traveling on a sleeping car make it a point to decide upon the course the train is going as soon as he wakes from sleep in the night, and he will find himself rapidly gaining new power to determine directions.

Darwin's experiment is an interesting one. He put some bees in dark paper boxes and carried them by a circuitous route a distance from the hive. When they were set free, they all returned in a straight line to their home.

Again he took them over a simular route, but on the way he spun the boxes rapidly around. This time only one or two bees reached the hive, and perhaps these got back only by accident. While spinning around in the boxes they lost perception of the direction in which they were being carried.

It is often observed that when a dog returns home by a way which he must have made out with care and on his own account he at once throws himself upon the floor or the ground and sleeps soundly for a time. This is apt to be referred to physical exhaustion, but is more likely to be due to the fact that the animal has kept his faculties all on the alert and has quickened his perceptions to their difficult task. All our domestic animals show wonderful power of application when their faculties are bent to the accomplishment of some cherished design. —Youth's Companion.

Universities In Spain.

There are 10 universities in Spain, the most renowned of which is the University of Madrid. It appears from the latest reports that there are about 14,000 students in the 10 universities. The theaters, art galleries and libraries of Madrid and other Spanish cities are numerous and notable.—New York Sun.

Horticultural Item.

"They say fogs are detrimental to tomatoes," remarked Mr. Rural Gardner.

"They are. I had about eight bushels of them stolen one foggy night by tramps," replied his friend, Butabaga.—Texas Siftings.

The Drummer and the Millionaire.

Traveling in a parlor car one day were a commercial traveler and a mining millionaire who owed his fortune to his faculty of taking advantage of an opportunity and of his fellow man. As the Pacific Mail sped along the pair dropped into a friendly game of euchre. An hour or so passed. Then the millionaire dealt and turned up a queen. The eyes of the commercial traveler brightened as he gazed on his hand.

"I wish we were playing poker," he ventured.

The mine owner looked over his cards and said nothing.

"How would you like to change the game?" suggested the drummer. "I'd like to play this hand at poker."

The millionaire glanced at his cards again and remarked pleasantly, "Well, I don't care if I do, but you must let me discard and take this queen."

"Oh, certainly," was the eager response. "I'll bet you $50 on my hand."

"I'll see that and go $100 better," returned the miner.

The commercial traveler smiled with great glee.

"I'll raise you $250," he said, counting out $400.

"Well," remarked the millionaire calmly, "if you want to play poker I'm your man. I'll just go you $1,000 better."

This bold bet somewhat staggered the young man, but he had confidence and $1,000, and he called.

"What have you," asked the mine owner.

"I have four kings," the young man answered, throwing them on the board.

"Then I'll take the money," the millionaire remarked. "I have four aces," and he threw them down before the astonished commercial traveler.

"That's all right," said the latter, as soon as he had caught his breath. "That's all right, the money is yours, but I'd like to know why in blazes you took that queen."

Thus we see that there can be finesse in poker even as in whist.—New York World.

For Sewing on a Button.

One day Paul tells his servant to sew another button on his trousers. An hour after she brings in the trousers, and with an undecided, anxious air, as if fearing the effect of her demand, says, "It is a sou."

Paul draws out a sou in silence and gives it to her. Jeannette retires on tiptoe as far as the door, thinks better of it, returns, takes up the trousers and shows the button.

"Ah, that is a fine button! (A pause.) I did not find that in my box. (Another and a longer pause.) I bought that at the grocer's. It cost a sou!"

She draws herself up anxiously. The proprietor of the trousers, still without speaking, gives a second sou.

It is clear that she has struck upon a mine of sous. Jeannette goes out and a moment after reopens the door. She has resolved on her course, and in a shrill, piercing voice, with admirable volubility, proceeds:

"I had no thread. I had to buy some thread. I used a good deal of thread—good thread too. The button won't come off. I sewed it on fast. The thread cost a sou."

Paul pushes across the table the third sou.

Two hours later Jeannette, who has been pondering on the matter, reappears. She prepares breakfast with the greatest possible care, lowers her voice, walks noiselessly and is charming in her little attentions. Then she says, putting forth all sorts of obsequious graces:

"I ought not to lose anything; you would not want me to lose anything. The cloth was harsh. I broke the point of my needle. I did not know it awhile ago. I have just noticed it. It cost a sou."

And that fourth sou was happily the last.—"A Tour Through the Pyrenees."

Interviewing a Lioness.

Kendsky's menagerie was a prominent feature at the fair at Como. In fulfilment of a wager, Signor Pardo, a local journalist, accompanied by the lion tamer, entered a large cage containing two young lions and a leopard. The perilous surroundings seemed to make an impression on the pressman, at least he made an effort to appear calm and even attempted to stroke the lion cubs. But at a sign from the proprietor, the young lions and the leopard were removed to the next cage, and "Paidah," a splendid lioness, appeared on the scene. She suddenly stood still and measured the intruder from head to foot with a melancholy gaze. Pardo afterward confessed that at that moment a cold shiver ran through his veins.

"Open the cage!" he cried in half stifled tones.

But the lion tamer promptly covered his mouth with his hand, while the wife of the proprietor, who was in front of the cage, laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. This hilarity restored the journalist's drooping courage. He remained five minutes longer in the cage and then left after making a polite bow to the lioness, which she returned with a somewhat lugubrious howl. Pardo is now the "lion of the day" at Como.—Corriere di Genova.

The Danger of Too Many Discoveries.

There is something disconcerting about modern discoveries, for all their usefulness. Where are they going to stop, and what is to become of the working people when all the work does itself? Next we may hear that some meddling investigator has discovered the secret of literary style, so that by the adjustment of a simple appliance to a printing press raw facts may be fed in at one end and literature cut off at the other in lengths and qualities to suit the market. That is a more terrifying possibility than even that all the Harvard undergraduates should become proficient writers. It remains for mankind to hope that when it ceases to be possible for the multitude to make a living on earth the secret of living without food may come out, or the perfection of flying machines or something may provide means of emigration to other spheres.—Harper's Weekly.

BETTING ON THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

A Story of the Undergraduate Days of the Late Professor Adams.

I was an undergraduate of St. John's college, Cambridge, when the late Professor Adams was there as an undergraduate also. I well remember his appearance. He was rather a small man, who walked quickly and wore a faded coat of dark green. As I had entered as a pensioner and he as a sizar, we did not sit at the same table in hall or indeed dine at the same hour. In my time the Fellows' hall and ours was at 4 o'clock, the sizars' (who had some dishes left from the Fellows' table) at 5. Chapel was at 6, when every member of the college was due and when some came.

Fellow commoners and pensioners saw but little of the sizars as a rule, and I fear they were looked down upon on account of their poverty, except indeed those few who were certain to do great credit to the college. The fastest and the vainest man would have been civil to Adams, for he was known to be a pretty certain Senior Wrangler; besides men bet on him and backed him as they would a race horse. But he was so exceedingly good, so unusually safe, so utterly and entirely the favorite that odds were laid on him at 3, or even 4 to 1.

Men little thought indeed that he would very shortly discover a comet, and that science all through the world would "cap" him in concert with the undergraduates to whom he soon became a mighty don, though I believe one of the most gentle and unassuming that ever lived.

A couple of days after Adams had come out Senior Wrangler, I knocked in late and had a chat with Ballard, the porter, before going to my rooms. I said, "Well, Ballard, we've got the Senior Wrangler, but that was of course." Ballard looked glum. I could not understand it, for he was as proud of the college as any of its members. "Ah, sir," he said, "Mr. Adams did not behave well to me." "Not well to you! Why, what on earth has he done?" "I have lost £3 by him, sir." "How?" "Mr. Adams is not a gentleman as often knocks in late, but two nights before he went into the senate house he did, and I made so bold as to say, 'Mr. Adams, I hope no offense, sir, but I suppose you are certain to be Senior Wrangler, because I have laid £10 on it already and I have a chance of laying another £5.' Now you'd hardly believe it, sir, but Mr. Adams told me there was no certainty at all about it, and that he might come out second or third when all the while he must have known he was dead certain."

"Well," I said, "I don't know what he knew, but all the university knew. But how did you lose your £5?" "By not putting it on, sir, which I should have done if he hadn't knocked in late. I kept the £10 on, however, and won what came of that." So really Mr. Ballard had not very much to complain of.—London Queen.

Where Peppermint Oil Is Raised.

More than one-half of all the oil of peppermint, spearmint and tansy used in the world is said to be produced and distilled in Michigan. The center of the industry is St. Joseph county. Peppermint plants weighing 15,000 tons when dried are cultivated every year in the state. From these the essential oils are distilled. Early in spring the roots are planted in furrows from two to three feet apart. In a day a good workman will plant an acre with them. A few weeks later the rows meet and cover the entire ground. In September the plants mature. They are then covered with fragrant purple blossoms, and the time has arrived for mowing. After lying in the sun to dry they are raked into heaps and taken to the distilleries, of which there are about 150 in the state.

It is estimated that 350 pounds of dried peppermint plants produce one pound of oil. The yield per acre is 15 pounds of oil. Distilled peppermint brings from $1.25 to $5 per pound in the home market. The industry was originally established in Mitcham, England, about 150 years ago. Early in the present century a beginning was made in this country, in Wayne county, N. Y., and in St. Joseph, Mich. Today nine-tenths of the entire product of the world are made in the United States.—New York Post.

"Riding and Hitching."

One mode of transportation among the poor whites of southern West Virginia is known as "riding and hitching." It is resorted to when two travelers find themselves with only one horse and they are going too far to ride "double." In "riding and hitching" one traveler takes the horse and goes a mile or more, while the other foots it behind. The equestrian naturally makes faster speed than the walker. So, after he has ridden his share, he dismounts and hitches his steed to a tree by the roadside and pushes on afoot. In time the other walker comes to the hitched animal, mounts him, rides on until he has overtaken the first rider and got some distance in front, when the operation is repeated. Thus each rides alternately, and the horse gets a breathing spell.—New York Sun.

Using a New Word.

Children are quick to learn new words and store them up in their memory to be used on the first occasion that presents itself.

A small Buffalo boy rang his mother's doorbell one day recently and brought his devoted parent to the rescue in all haste, only to tell her that his older brother had "told a lie," as he expressed it. "He said Mary broke his top when he broke it hisself, and so he told a lie," the cherub explained, and then hastened back to his play perfectly satisfied now that he had had an opportunity to use the word that was a new addition to his vocabulary.—Buffalo News.

A Harmonious Effect.

Mrs. Witherby—That chair you are sitting on is a genuine antique.

Miss Elderby—Then perhaps I had better not sit in it.

Mrs. Witherby—Oh, don't get up. It is very becoming to you.—Vogue.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden corn!
Eons ago of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and tasseled sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest,
And by dew and shower from its natal hour
With honey and wine 'twas fed
Till the gods were fain to share with men
The perfect feast outspread,
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the incas
Offered the heaven sent maize—
Grains wrought of gold in a silver fold
For the sun's enraptured gaze,
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields, but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And lavish as leaves and flowers the sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold,
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold,
But the shield of the great republic,
The glory of the west,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled corn,
Of all our wealth the best.
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the north may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the south adorn,
But the wide republic's emblem
Is the bounteous golden corn!
—Edna Dean Proctor in Century.

Disrobed In the Street.

There is a young colored damsel in Washington whose soul is at present filled with wrath because of the summary action taken by a society woman to whom she had been handmaiden. With ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the young woman proved herself conversant by making away with articles of value. Among these was a silk dress of which her mistress had been especially fond. Though accused of the theft, the woman stoutly denied it and took her dismissal, vehemently protesting her innocence. Not long afterward, as the daughter of Ham was sailing down the street in all the glory of the stolen garment, she came upon her mistress rapidly walking toward her with the look of a great purpose in her eye.

Retreat was impossible, as was a failure to comply with the astonishing demand that she then and there divest herself of the gown. As the alternative was to be immediately handed over to the police, the perturbed young woman did as she was bid with all speed possible, and in as brief a time as it takes to tell the tale she stood with her ebony perfections exposed to public view while in an opposite direction her former mistress walked away, bearing in triumph the stolen property.—Kate Field's Washington.

How Not to Exterminate the Indians.

Let us not vigorously crowd the Indians to abandon tribal organization. If this is done before they are ready for it, they will surely lapse into degradation. Let them remain in conpact bodies on reservations to help one another over the change and do not compel them to commingle and compete with the white race in a struggle in which they must be hopelessly doomed. Slowly by law and by instruction teach them the value of our property laws. Do not force citizenship upon them, but let them sue for it. We should hold ourselves ever ready to grant it, but let them first discover its benefits. If such a policy is maintained for two generations more, the problem will be solved—the remnant of the Indians will be saved and absorbed in modern enlightenment.—Major J. W. Powell in Forum.

Mixing Melodies.

What on the lips of the "intellectual doubter" would have been only profane sarcasm was irresistibly funny because of its innocence, when Lewis, his imagination fired by the first opera he had ever witnessed, inextricably mixed up Moody and Sankey and "The Mikado" as follows: The day following his attendance at the latter performance he burst upon the scandalized maternal vision attired in imitation of his admired Ko-Ko in a patchwork crib quilt and a feather duster in his hands waving accentuation to each syllable as he capered about chanting:

The will of the Lord be done, be done,
And so you had better succumb, cumb, cumb!
—Washington News.

Just Like a Man.

Mrs. Stocks—If we move into that cheap house, we'll lose caste.

Mr. Stocks—Don't care if we do. It's the best we can afford without running hopelessly in debt, and besides it's a comfortable place anyhow.

Mrs. Stocks—Huh! Just like a man. Only so you can be comfortable and pay every little bill as quick as it comes in, you don't care what the world thinks.—New York Weekly.

The Dominion of Canada has an area of 3,457,000 square miles and comprises one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe. It is the largest of all the British possessions, Australia, the next in size, containing 2,944,628 square miles.

The boy who is whacked, cuffed, kicked, half starved, overworked and otherwise neglected, generally, if he keeps out of prison and does not die, makes the best man.—Exchange.

Fogg has about made up his mind that life is hardly worth the living in these days when a man has to keep posted on so many things that are not worth knowing.

The oldest statue of the world is of the sheik of an Egyptian village. It is believed to be not less than 6,000 years old.

The Great Eastern was the largest ship ever built—680 feet long, 83 broad, 60 deep and 28,627 tons burden.

Old Friends at a Funeral.

"It's quite a mournful sight, and yet one that brings with it a crumb of comfort," said A. P. Haskell, "to see old friends gather about the corpse of one of their number. A few days since I attended the funeral of a prominent and aged citizen of Denver, a man who knew the thriving city as a mere village, and was with a number of others the founder of its present greatness. It was a beautiful morning of sunshine and pleasant breezes, and I'm sure the little old chapel never looked more blessed and peaceful than on the morning of my old friend's funeral. Some time before the long line of carriages wound over the hillside to the church, a crowd of his friends gathered about the church door. They were every one long past the middle of life, and hair that was a medium between silver and lamb's fleece predominated.

"The number of times that the members of the throng congratulated each other upon each other's youthful looks, and the often reiterated statement that 'You look younger than you did 10 years ago' became really humorous, though at a funeral. They speculated on the number of years each had to live and joined hands over the statement that 'We will soon go together, old boy,' and 'I think I'm next.' In all that sunlight and joyful atmosphere it really seemed good to know that the worn and emaciated frames, the great load of long standing and accumulated sorrow, might be placed in a beautiful receptacle and given to earth again while the soul betook itself to another condition, free perhaps in a measure from much of life's worry and no less of sunshine and friendship than was here on earth or ever will be."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Farming One Hundred Years Hence.

Should our population increase as rapidly during the coming 100 years as in the last 50 it will be not less than 400,000,000. I am, however, inclined to think it will not so increase. For one thing, we will not have the same inducements to offer to immigrants. When the price of land goes up, as it is bound to do, and its acquisition requires more money; when more capital is required to undertake farming, except on the smallest scale, and truck farms near cities bring a high rent and call for the greatest intelligence as well as industry on the part of the farmer—one of the chief inducements to foreigners seeking our shores—namely, the acquisition of farms of their own—will disappear. At the same time the liberal tendencies of all civilized countries, even under monarchial governments, will lessen the number of those who leave the older countries for the sake of greater political freedom.

Emigration to the United States will consist more and more of a few comparatively well to do persons seeking opportunities for the profitable investment of a small capital, and who, possessing some education and training in the art of self government, will readily amalgamate with our own people, or of the poorest classes well content to serve for a time in the ranks of labor, provided the rate of wages is high enough to reward their frugality with moderate savings. — Ex-Secretary Rusk in North American Review.

One of Ruskin's Letters.

John Ruskin, writing in 1867 to his pupil, Ward, indited these strange sentences:

You may write me whatever you like to talk about, provided you write large and clear. You may trust to the truth of my sympathy, but you must remember that I am engaged in the investigation of enormous religious and moral questions, in the history of nations, and that your feelings, or my own, or anybody else's, at any particular moment, are of very little interest to me, not from want of sympathy, but from the small proportion the individuality bears to the whole subject of my inquiry.

I have no affections, having had them three times over torn out of me by the roots—most fatally the last time within the last year. I hope to be kind and just to all persons, and of course I like and dislike, but my word "affectionately" means only—that I should have loved people if I were not dead.

As a matter of practical fact, you may always trust to my kindness in a due proportion as you stand among other people who require it, and to my understanding sympathy in proportion also. But I have no pleasure myself now in any human relation. Knowing this, you will be able to understand a good deal in my ways of going on otherwise inexplicable.

An Early Experience of Bishop Brooks.

Dr. Edward Swasey of this city sends the following story, which relates to the boyhood of the late Bishop Brooks:

When a mere lad, he with one of his brothers was sent on a short visit to his aunt, his father's only sister, on a well stocked farm in Maine.

They both were making the most of their holiday and enjoying to the full measure every moment of their time. But at length Sunday morning came and with it the sound of church bells and the usual family preparations to attend church. But the boy Phil had suddenly disappeared, and no one knew where he had betaken himself to. Diligent search was made both through the house and through the barn for him, but he did not appear. At last my mother looked under the bed in the guest's chamber (the least frequented chamber in a country house), and there she found the future bishop of Massachusetts.

Poor boy, he had probably had some inkling of what the church service meant in those days in a Congregational country church, both as to duration and the length of the sermon! His little scheme to secure a forenoon out of doors rather than spend it shut up in church had been frustrated. He was brought into the light, however, and taken to church. —Boston Saturday Gazette.

He Could Read It.

Clerk—I can't read this letter. The handwriting is very bad.

Mr. Flareup—Pshaw, any donkey can read it. Give it here.—Texas Siftings.

Easy to Take

And prompt to cure, Ayer's Pills act on the intestines, not by stimulating, but by strengthening them. They promote the natural peristaltic motion of the bowels, without which there can be no regular, healthy operations. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, jaundice, vertigo, sick headache, indigestion, sour stomach, and drowsiness,

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are unsurpassed. They are equally beneficial in rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, chills, and fevers. Being purely vegetable, delicately sugar-coated, and quickly dissolved, they are admirably adapted for household use, as well as for travelers by land or sea. Ayer's Pills are in greater demand, the world over, than any other pill, and are recommended by the most eminent physicians.

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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Abern, Fin Sec; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in B shop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Moriarty, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 28—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3812 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3751 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6339 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 359 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riely, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Grapers hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittscmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 12th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Doneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Cancvin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Thos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J F Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, F Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter F Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Biener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Kring; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3908 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Prossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John F Long, 2091 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 398 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2504 Bonfield av; R S, Robert Hartig, 2930 Lyman st; F S, J Greenewald; T, M Franz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Bonfield sts.

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Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00 This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 32—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

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No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

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Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

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ESTATE OF JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, DE-ceased—All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph J. Sullivan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 22, 1893.
CHARLES J. SULLIVAN, Administrator.
James McEnerny, Attorney for estate.

REPORT OF CONDITION
OF THE
HIBERNIAN
Banking Association,
CHICAGO.

At commencement of business June 5, 1893, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$1,652,547.08
Overdrafts		2,553.72
Bonds		297,526.21
Stocks		2,828.00
Real Estate		8,543.67
Furniture and Fixtures		7,176.18
Demand Loans Secured by Collateral	$1,307,615.22	
Cash and due from banks	947,464.26	
		2,255,079.48
		$4,226,254.34

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$ 222,000.00
Undivided profits	388,415.04
Savings Deposits	2,764,180.74
Individual Deposits	810,414.49
Demand Certificates of Deposits	8,400.00
Certified Checks	10,543.22
Cashier's Checks outstanding	7,195.33
Due to other banks	15,105.52
	$4,226,254.34

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

I, Hamilton B. Dox, Cashier of the Hibernian Banking Association of Chicago, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HAMILTON B. DOX, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of June, 1893.

ADAM F. FRASER, Notary Public.

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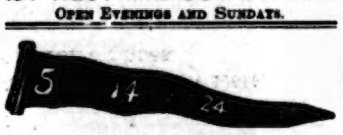

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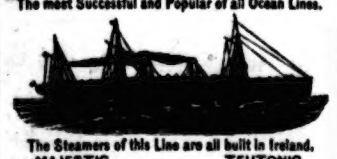

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